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ALONE.

BY C. M. DOWLING.

My dear old wife! how still she glides
Within the open door,
I seem to hear her gentle step
Beside me on the floor;
I lift my eyes—'twas but the wind,
The wind, and nothing more.

I sit beside the cottage fire,
It throws warm and high,
And as I sit, I hear her knit,
How swift the needles fly;
I look—and lo! a vacant chair,
And seeing that, I sigh.

The wailing wind across the moor
Is floating like a knell,
The snow is resting soft and white
On many a feathered swell;
And oh! it falleth cold and chill
Within my heart as well.

I miss the precious tones of love
I've heard for many a year,
And still alone, I seem to feel
Her gentle presence near;
But when I look—and see her not,
I brush away a tear.

I travel back the mist of time,
And with a thrill of pride,
I clasp her little, trembling hand—
My graceful, girlish bride;
And ah! I love her better far
Than all the world beside.

And one by one, the by-gone years
Come gliding to my view,
I seem to meet her loving eyes,
So beautiful and blue,
And meeting them, I softly smile,
The picture seems so true.

The clock upon the mantle strikes—
I start—the dream is flown,
I only hear the wailing wind,
So mournful in its tone;
Perhaps it knows an aged man
Is sitting here alone.

Alone! for oh! the coffin-lid
Her placid brow hath pressed,
And silent now the loving heart
That throbbed within the breast;
And oh! I yearn to lay me down
By her dear side and rest.

Poor lonely heart! the weary throb
Will soon be silent here!
For, oh! I bear the heavy snows
Of many a wintry year;
And it is very sweet to me
To know that death is near.

My pulse grows weaker day by day,
And I am glad to go;
I shrink not at the chilling flood,
Though cold its billows flow;
I know a Father's guiding hand
Will bear me safely through.

And lo! that blissful world beyond—
I seem to enter there,
I seem to hear her welcome sweet
Float on the scented air—
And lift my eyes to greet her own,
And see her vacant chair.

Original Novelet.

ZILLAH: THE CHILD-MEDIUM.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

Before daybreak Rachel was awakened by the patter of rain upon the roof. It fell softly and peacefully like a veritable spring shower, and by the time the first grey of dawn came solemnly through the windows, it had ceased entirely. She dressed herself quickly, rejoiced that it was over, because she desired to escape the disagreeableness of travelling in a storm, and as circumstances made the journey inevitable, not even the rain would have prevented her departure.

For the last time in that old farmhouse Rachel sent up her morning thanksgiving to the Great Ruler of the universe, the Giver of Mercies countless as are the stars of heaven.

The sun was rising when she descended. Breakfast was not yet prepared, and she went out to take a farewell of the farm. She had never left home in all her life before, and the knowledge of her approaching departure awoke feelings both new and strange, yet painless, because, as I have already said, Rachel did not like Maplehurst. Association was all that made it dear to her, and even that was now become as sorrowful as sweet. Mrs. Ollo's recent death had thrown a melancholy over every thing connected with the place, from which Rachel was thankful to escape, for her temperament was not naturally jubilant.

She left the house by a side door, and walked rapidly through the garden to the open road, which she crossed, and entered a grove of locust trees, extending from it down a slight declivity. At the base of this hill ran a brook whose foamy waves mingled just beyond this spot with the sea. The dash, the murmur of this rivulet had ever been pleasant to Rachel. It was one of her favorite haunts. Over the mossy trunk of a fallen tree, which spanned the stream, she walked somewhat sadly to the opposite bank, and sat down on a gray old rock overhanging its margin. Tears that she could not restrain filled her eyes as she looked around. Never had that peaceful valley appeared so beautiful as then. The locust trees were not yet in full foliage, and the delicate green of the half opened leaves glittered cheerfully in the bright, May sunshine, which flitted through the branches and fell in streaky, golden patches upon the long grass, moist and glittering with the early rain.

The voice of the little torrent was noisily clear, and far louder than usual, in consequence of its late accession. It dashed along its rocky bed, with a gurgling sound that filled the ear like music. A few birds twittered overhead, rejoicing alike in the sunshine and the balmy morning air. Gleaming brownly above the brow of the hill, through the trees, was the roof and quaint gables of the homestead. Slow, purple smoke curled gracefully from the chimney, melting gradually into space as it rose. A crowd of old recollections revived as poor Rachel gazed. She flung herself in an abandonment of grief on the wet grass. As she lay there, a new and charming landscape dazzled her eyes. Under the overhanging boughs, some of them dipping daintily into the brook itself, she saw the whole winding bed of the stream as it coursed outward to the sea, fringed here and there with tufts of blue, spring violets. She even beheld the red sand of the shore, and the light, frothy line left upon it by the receding and advancing billows.

She forgot her grief—her journey—all,—everything in the loveliness of that sweet rural scene. She scarcely knew how rapidly time passed, and she was still lying there looking intently along the brook's rocky course, almost lost in a tranquil reverie, when a voice abruptly exclaimed from above,

"Well, if that don't beat all!"

Glancing upward, Rachel saw her aunt Alice standing on the edge of the hill, and regarding her with an astonished and by no means pleased visage. She rose, somewhat ashamed, and smoothed her rumpled dress.

"Breakfast is ready," Alice Hawthorne said, with ominous brevity, and turned to go back to the house; while Rachel, discomfitted at discovery, rather ruefully crossed the prostrate tree, regained the bank, and toiled up the well-worn path. As she passed the spring, where many a time she had pityingly driven Brindle to drink when she had seen her panting in the heat of summer noons, impulsively she dipped her hand in the clear, cool water and drank. On hearing her aunt's voice calling from the roadside, she hurried onward. Old Alice Hawthorne was awaiting her in none of the best of humors, and as her niece emerged from the path, she beckoned her impatiently to quicken her steps.

"Child," she said gravely, as Rachel stood beside her, "child, the spirit may be willing but the flesh is weak. Does thee know that?"

"Yes, aunt," Rachel answered, wondering what was to follow.

"I don't like preaching, but thee must remember while away, that the devil finds plenty of work for idle hands to do; therefore keep thine busy. Thee is young—"

"Every day remedies that fault," Rachel said, smiling.

"And foolish," Alice proceeded, as though no one had spoken. "Give up thy dreaming on the grass, and if thee would keep Satan at bay, work! Work in the morning, work in the noon, work at night, and," she added, moving away, "if thee must dream, *dream* of work!" The very border of her prim Quaker cap trembled with the energy of her words.

The two crossed the road together and entered the house, on the threshold of which they were met by Janet. At the door stood Mrs. Ollo's little carriage, and in front of it, now and then slyly cropping a mouthful of the freshly budding hedge, was old Breezy.

"Is Robert to drive me?" asked Rachel, with a strange sinking of the heart.

"Yes," replied her aunt Janet, turning away and brushing her hand quickly across her eyes. "Come in to breakfast, Rachel."

The meal passed in almost total silence. It was quickly over. Then Rachel went to the kitchen to shake hands with old Dinah, who sobbed outright as she looked at the simple keepsake remaining in her own.

"God bless you, Miss Rachel," she cried, "and make you as good a lady as my poor dead missus."

At this Rachel's powers of restraint broke down completely, and as the carriage moved slowly from the door of the farm-house, for the first time realized that she was homeless. Rachel Ollo had been taught that tears were weak and childish things from her very birth. The natural stoicism of her mother's disposition was always antagonistic to them, and she had endeavored to form her child's character in this respect upon her own. Yet Rachel had not the noble elements of womanhood, the grand, severe virtues that belonged to her mother, although possessed naturally of strength of character; and when she leaned back in the carriage and attempted to conquer her emotion, it was only with great effort that she succeeded.

The road, at first, wound through flat, lonely meadows, dotted at rare intervals with browsing cattle, but after crossing the bridge that separated the outskirts of Maplehurst from those of Clarkstown, the next village, the face of the country grew less solemnly desolate. Fragments of forest land, rich, undulating pastures, and finally, occasional gardens and white cottages gladdened the eyes. The young girl had never been so far from home before, and unconsciously she forgot her grief in the pleasure afforded by new and varied landscapes. Fields of newly sprouted corn waved gently in the breeze, the vivid green contrasting pleasantly here and there with patches of red, freshly ploughed land, orchards white with blossoms sent waifs of delicious perfume through the carriage, indeed the whole atmosphere was heavy with the fragrance of spring vegetation.

While descending the steep and rough hill that overlooks and leads into Clarkstown, an exclamation of delight escaped Rachel at the grand prospect the elevation commanded. At that height the effect of all undulation was lost—hills and valleys lay far beneath like one vast plain, bathed in the clear goldenness of the morning sunshine. Farm-houses enlivened the edges of the winding roads, and half-hidden as they were by groups of blossom-covered fruit trees, they lent variety to the long reaches of cultivated land. All things wore the green freshness of the new year; on every hill-side were glad prophecies of the plenty and glory of the expected harvest.

It was now nearly noon.

Lyster, the place of Rachel Ollo's destination, was distant from Clarkstown some ten or twelve miles. It had been arranged by her aunts that she was to make this part of the journey by stage coach; consequently at Clarkstown, Robert saw her safely in a lumbering conveyance which was dignified by that title, requested the driver to leave his new passenger at the door of St. Mary's Lodge, and took leave of his young mistress. It was a rickety, ill conditioned vehicle, and as Rachel looked deploringly through the mud-bespattered windows after Breezy and the retreating carriage, she felt more desolate than ever. Her travelling companions were two gentlemen, who paused in an energetic conversation as she entered to scrutinize her appearance, and a wan, delicately formed and poorly clad woman, with a little girl, apparently her daughter.

The moment Rachel's eyes fell upon this child she felt that strange, inexplicable sensation of which she had often heard, but had never experienced before, an irresistible and natural sympathy. She was impressed with the existence of some hidden link that was yet to bind that child and her together. The longer she gazed on the fair spiritual countenance, the more she believed that the little girl was in some way connected with her own destiny, and she with hers. So positive was Rachel of the truth of this presentiment, that she at once received it as a certainty, mysterious and cloudy, but still a certainty. Every movement the little creature made she watched with a close attention that was fast verging on fascination. Each unimportant word she uttered held a wondrous charm. Once or twice their eyes met, and the half shy, half self-possessed smile the little stranger cast at Rachel, filled her with quiet but unaccountable pleasure. She learned her name, too, and for days afterwards was constantly repeating it, and striving to fathom why so suddenly the appellation had acquired the ring of rare, exquisite music.

The child was kneeling on the cushion of the seat, looking from the window, her white arms crossed on the sill, and her pretty face resting upon them. Presently her eyes drooped softly, slowly, like descending snow flakes, and she slept.

"Zillah!" said her mother, coldly, touching her shoulder; and as she awoke with a start, Rachel called the name over and over, wondering in what lay its new found beauty, for she had never thought it pretty before.

She withdrew into a corner, and endeavored to amuse herself by looking from the dusty windows. Clarkstown was a manufacturing village, and the dingy, smoky dwellings did not invite attention. She was glad when the scene changed again to green pasture lands and blossoming orchards, that she might have something to divert her eyes from the modest face of her little fellow traveller.

Towards three the coach entered Lyster, and shortly after, the driver stopped before the gateway of a large stone building, that was almost hidden from the road by a clump of maple trees. Turning to Rachel, he said with a grin,

"Here you be, miss."

She thanked him, and paid her fare, rejoiced to find herself at her journey's end.

"I say, miss, be you the new teacher?" the man inquired, as he deposited her trunk on the steps of the entrance.

"Yes; why do you inquire?"

"Oh, nothing; only I hope you'll have a good time of it," and chuckling, he remounted and drove off, leaving the young teacher standing on the door-step, meditating his significant words. A break in the trees revealed a handkerchief fluttering from the receding coach-window, at which she had left little Zillah kneeling. Waving her own in return she rang the bell. On being admitted, she was shown into a side apartment to await the pleasure of Mrs. Helen Griscomb, the principal and proprietress of St. Mary's Lodge, a lady somewhat celebrated for her literary tastes, and successes with the reading public. It was a small and strangely furnished reception-room. The carpet was in scarlet and white—the curtains in scarlet and white—and the brocatelle sofas and chairs in scarlet and white. A marble table stood in the centre of the floor—and on this rested a polished yellow skull, and a book upon modern Phrenology. This was all the apartment contained, so at least Rachel thought at first, but she discovered her mistake, when, uncoiling from a dusky corner, there advanced towards her the small figure of a deformed boy of about sixteen years old.

He gave her an awkward nod, and sat down on one of the scarlet and white chairs. He was not an ill-looking lad, but the twinkle of his small, bright eyes filled Rachel with nameless dread.

"Pleasant day," he remarked, nodding again.

She assented.

"Windy?" he asked.

"No, it is quite still."

"Like you," he said, and this time with a whole series of nods, his eyes glittering brightly through their half compressed lids. "Come far?"

"Only from Maplehurst; about twenty-seven or eight miles, I should think."

The deformed boy went to the window and looked out; presently he returned and drew his chair in front of her.

"So, you're the new teacher, eh?"

"Yes."

"You're not half big or burly enough. The last could beat you twice over in size."

"Why did she leave; do you know?"

"Now—now, you think I am going to blab, do you? She went because she was ready to go, I suppose." He laughed loudly, and then added, with his usual nod, "and I guess it'll not be long before you are wishing to follow. I answered you, now answer me. Got any friends?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Why do you wear that black frock?"

"For my mother, who is dead."

"Long?"

"Only a few weeks."

"What friends have you got?"

"Two aunts and a brother."

"Where is he,—your brother?"

"At school."

"Is he to teach too?"

"No, he is to go to college by-and-by, and then become a lawyer."

"Oh!" he ejaculated with a prolonged breath. Rachel thought her catechism ended, but she was mistaken.

"How old is this brother?" the deformed boy inquired.

"About your age, I should think."

"Phew! and while he plays, you, not much older, have to work. Who pays for all this grand schooling."

"You have no right to ask, but I will tell you. The rent of my mother's farm. It cannot support us both, and it is best he should be well educated. I am thankful to do anything to help."

"Pooh!" he said disdainfully. "How old are you?"

Human patience could stand no more. "I do not think I shall inform you," Rachel replied coolly.

He opened his little bright eyes to their full extent, gave three or four furious nods and whistled.

"Well, you're tip-top! I like that, now. Do you know who I am?"

She said she did not, and did not care to know.

"Well, you can't help hearing, if I choose to tell you. I am Mr. William Henry Griscomb,"—with particular emphasis on the "Mr."

Rachel was mute.

"What do you say to that?"

"Nothing."

"You are not as still as I thought you. I'd like to see you when you are mad."

"Should you? I am sorry I cannot gratify you on the spot."

"Hear her," he chuckled, "hear this little pale-faced thing! Oh, they're a match. How they will bite and snap and struggle! They're a match, ha, ha, ha!" The room echoed with his shrill laughter, as the door, painted in scarlet and white panels, swung slowly on its hinges, and a finely-formed woman, dressed in the same colors, entered. She was handsome, and becomingly attired. The red and white of her robe accorded well with her clear, almost radiant, complexion, and soft brown eyes. Her hair was dark, and drawn entirely from her brow, forming a simple but luxuriant knot on the back of the head. Her face was a full one, and but for a singular expression around the thin lips, would have impressed the young governess most favorably. She introduced herself with careless self-possession, as Mrs. Griscomb, and welcomed Rachel very kindly to St. Mary's Lodge.

"Dinner is just over, my dear," she said smilingly, and the pupils are dismissed from school for the day. Have you dined? No? Well, we will see what we can do for you. Willie, love, just run and tell Hannah that Miss Ollo is come and wishes dinner."

Master Willie rose to obey, favoring Rachel behind his mother's back with sundry mysterious nods and winks.

"I hope you may soon grow accustomed to the ways of St. Mary's," remarked Mrs. Griscomb when he had left the room. "Things *will* seem a little strange at first, you know. Your duties shall not be so numerous but that you shall have much time to yourself. My scholars, as you may perhaps notice, are generally intelligent and ladylike. It has been my study to form their manners on, on—on my own, I having repeatedly been honored with the appellation of the Female Chesterfield."

Mrs. Griscomb flourished a snowy handkerchief in her most graceful fashion and looked at the new governess for the effect of her rhetoric, but the governess neither spoke nor yet smiled responsively; her eyes were bent upon the ground, and perhaps as much for policy's sake as from weariness. The pause that followed was broken somewhat abruptly by the sound of voices as if in altercation in the hall, and Willie entered in high glee, followed by a large, red armed serving-woman.

"Shure, and it's not I that'll get another dinner *this* day," she said, addressing herself to Mrs. Griscomb; "servants is flesh and blood as thrue as ladies. Here I've been at the wash tub the hull o' the mornin',—a hilin' the dinner the noon, and now ye goes and axes for *another!* I'll not stir one fut for it!"

She slammed the door and disappeared before her mistress could utter a word. William Henry laughed.

"Be still, you ungrateful boy," said his mother sharply; then addressing herself to Rachel, blandly as before—"Hannah is an old and tried retainer, Miss Ollo; you must excuse her for my sake. Remove your bonnet, and I will, myself, get you something by way of lunch."

Rachel complied, and she led the way to the school dining-room, a vast apartment, the whole length of which was occupied by a long table covered with a cloth as spotless as snow. Mrs. Griscomb unlocked a sideboard and placed some biscuits and cold meats at one end of the table, honoring the governess with her presence and conversation while she dined. Rachel was faint with long and unusual fasting, but the various events of the day had deprived her of all appetite. A glass of water and a single biscuit composed her simple repast, which consequently was soon concluded. Then she ventured to ask if she might be shown to her chamber, pleading the excessive fatigue produced by her journey.

"To your chamber," suavely echoed Mrs. Griscomb—"oh, certainly; I hope, however, you do not expect to tenant one *alone*. I have frequently noticed that such habits of isolation aid in the formation of a melancholy disposition. Solitude is known to have an unhealthy effect on the mind, Miss Ollo. My former assistant found it wiser, as well as more agreeable, to room with one or two of the pupils. For your own good I would suggest a similar arrangement."

The young creature did not raise her eyes. Perhaps the calm sorrow which her face expressed became a trifle more statue-like, but that was all. Most decidedly she found it wiser to acquiesce. She was too weary to care much what her destined dormitory might prove to be, and taking her hat and shawl from the chair where she had laid them on entering St. Mary's Lodge one hour previously, she followed Mrs. Griscomb up three long flights of stairs. At a door fronting the landing place of the last, her conductress rapped slightly, and entered without waiting for a response from within. It was a cheerful sleeping room; the afternoon sun streamed brightly through the windows on the figures of two or three young girls, who were flitting hither and thither in the midst of toilet making. Delicately tinted dresses lay spread on the several beds, and articles of school girl ornament were scattered in graceful confusion every where around.

Mechanically Rachel sank upon a chair at the foot of the bed Mrs. Griscomb designated as thereafter to be her own; she saw not then the comfortless and scanty furniture, so different from the luxury below; she felt not the sting of the half sneers, and the rude mockery of the three occupants of the room, and although her eyes wearily sought the floor, I am quite sure it was not to contemplate the nakedness of the pine boards.

Ah, hard, and cold, and gray, was the new life upon which she had entered!

She was aroused by the sound of the tea-bell. Her trunk was brought up, and somewhat refreshed by an hour or two of comparative repose, she made a trifling change in her dress and descended to the dining-room, at the door of which, thronged by a noisy, laughing group of girls, she encountered Mrs. Griscomb herself, who duly installed her in her future position at one end of the table, vis-a-vis to her own, and in most uncomfortable proximity to her son, to whom Rachel had taken an unaccountable distaste, notwithstanding she observed he was very popular with the pupils, who seemed to enjoy his oddities. She felt utterly bewildered as she glanced down the table during the meal, and realized her position as a teacher to these young creatures, some of them apparently very near her own age.

The food was plain, but well prepared and abundant; a cup of fragrant tea operated like magic upon Rachel's tired head and exhausted frame.

The meal over, she noticed a singular custom that prevailed in the establishment. While the dishes, cloth, and fragments were removed by the servants, the pupils retained their seats, until at a sign from the principal, four of the larger girls arose, took each an armful of books from a side stand, and distributed them among their respective owners. Lamps were then placed at proper intervals on the table, and without the slight relaxation necessary after eating, study hours began, over which period Mrs. Griscomb smilingly informed Rachel, it was in future to be her duty to preside; "but," added she, "for this evening you are free to employ your time as you choose."

The cold scrutiny of forty pairs of eyes somewhat embarrassing her, Rachel availed herself of the privilege at once, and withdrew to the little room on the opposite side of the hall, where she had that day had her first and memorable interview with her principal.

A silver lamp, pendant from the ceiling by a chain of the same metal, was now burning brightly over the marble table that held the skull; she drew up a chair and was soon lost in its accompanying treatise on Phrenology, the only book the room contained. She had been reading a long while, when she was interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, who quietly seated himself at the table, drew a newspaper from his pocket, and began its perusal with the composure of one entirely accustomed to the routine of the place. She had not dared to look at him closely when he entered, but she now ventured to cast a stray, furtive glance or two over her book. The new comer was not young, but bore with him a singular air of youth, and of an aristocratic independence that defied while it piqued curiosity. At the first hurried view, Rachel took in two fine gray eyes, a prominent Roman nose, and a profusion of light bushy hair. The mouth indicated to an extraordinary degree inflexibility and sternness of character; there was a bitter and unmistakably misanthropic curl at its corners, which left a very disagreeable impression on the beholder. The whole face was strongly significant of intellect, so much so that the expression had reached that point where it degenerates into sadness.

A want of expansion of chest, stamped him at once as a clergyman. Rachel was sure of it! And well she might be, for now-a-days a well chested minister is a rarity seldom to be met. And why? Is a good, healthy physical development un-pastor like? Heaven forbid! Do modern sermons show so colossal an amount of learning, classical, ancient and rhetorical as to compensate for the universal decay of strength? Alas, *what* learning can!

Very soon Mrs. Griscomb entered.

"You are early, to-night," she said, coldly, observing the new comer, and without any of the usual forms of greeting.

"Yes," he answered carelessly, glancing towards her, and immediately resuming his reading. Raising his eyes again, he said, as though he had forgotten something,

"Will you introduce me to your new teacher, Mrs. Griscomb?"

"Certainly; excuse my negligence. Mr. Godwin, Miss Ollo."

They exchanged bows.

"How did you know I was the new teacher?" rose at once to Rachel's lips, for the considerate kindness of this Mr. Godwin's manner placed her at once at ease. Mrs. Griscomb left the room.

"How? oh, I read it in your face, and you see it told the truth—as it should," he added smiling.

"I have never taught—I am sorry to possess the established governess lineaments."

"You need not be," he said, "for generally they express patience, resignation, and gentleness, three beautiful things."

"Say rather," said Rachel, quickly, "stolidity, indifference, and hopelessness, which are not beautiful."

"Your view of the picture is the dark side. I acknowledge, however, that the life is a wearing one."

"And a wearisome one," she said, persistently.

"Sometimes, but not necessarily so. *I* am a teacher."

"Then you do not find it wearisome?"

"Well, on the whole, no; *cela depend*," and he returned to his reading, seemingly for the purpose of putting an end to the conversation. Rachel took the hint and resumed her own, although she found it difficult to re-awaken her interest. Presently she became conscious that Mr. Godwin was examining her with severe, critical scrutiny. She looked up from her Fowler and involuntarily smiled.

"I knew it!" he said calmly, continuing his observation, which was not characterized by the least impertinence.

"Knew what? Mr. Godwin!"

"That you are not indifferent to the chances and changes of mortality."

"Nor am I. I bless God that I am not," she said gravely.

"I have been looking at you for the last few moments, and I read hopefulness and ambition in your countenance."

"Ambition," Rachel repeated doubtfully; "I think you are mistaken."

"Impossible; I never am mistaken. You should wear your hair banded lower on your forehead to hide those formidable organs of construction, if you do not care for the reputation. Human beings can scarcely carry fronts like yours, without possessing something of an ambitious intellect. Do you like or dislike the idea of ambition in woman?"

"Dislike it," was the warm answer. "Her sphere has naught to do with fame or laurels. Yet," she added, laughingly, "I do not think I intend to hide my light under a bushel, and, as you advise, wear my hair lower on my forehead. Whatever brain-wealth God gave me, I shall not strive to conceal."

"I do not and did not advise you, I only—"

The scarlet paneled door again opened, to admit Mrs. Griscomb.

Mr. Godwin coolly proceeded:—

"That arrangement of the hair is becoming only to full faces like Mrs. Griscomb's; the effect in such cases is decidedly classic. Oval features, like your own, are best suited by less severity of style."

Rachel detected the irony—the implication of his words, and wondered at his daring, altogether losing sight of his incivility to herself in her great astonishment.

"Miss Ollo," said Mrs. Griscomb, pausing, door in hand, her voice slightly, very slightly toned by asperity, "it is perhaps right to inform you at once, of my rules and regulations; no one enters here without express permission from myself."

Rachel rose immediately.

"In future, you will pass your evenings with the pupils, superintending their studies. Mr. Godwin, the young ladies await you."

Haughtily motioning Rachel to follow, she crossed the hall to the dining-room, and resumed her seat at the table; as there seemed nothing better to be done, Rachel followed her example. The four monitors then collected the books, order and silence prevailing among the forty scholars. Mr. Godwin took up his position at a side-table, and appeared to await some signal from Mrs. Griscomb, which, when the monitors had finished their task, she gave by turning towards him and slightly inclining her handsome head.

A volume lay open before him, and he commenced reading in a cold, careless way that gave the idea of his thoughts being far removed from the words his lips uttered. Gradually, however, he warmed to animation, until so expressive, so painfully real was the recitation, that more than one listener trembled at the awfulness of the picture it brought. It was that part of the book of Daniel which describes the impious feast of Belshazzar, and the handwriting on the wall. Rachel had never heard the human voice give such life to that or any other portion of Holy Writ. The scene came before her like a highly wrought painting; not a color or a shadow was wanting. The feasting, the rioting, the golden vessels, the fine raiment, and the pale fingers of the ghostly hand, were all there in intensest reality.

Mr. Godwin's voice had a metallic ring that was both highly musical, and very effective as regarded delivery. He seemed to modulate it without effort or premeditation.

The whole school knelt while the same sonorous voice repeated a brief, thanksgiving prayer, after which came the dismission for the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED.

One Monday morning going home from one of these visits, Vivia passed as usual through the front gate of the Convent, but upon this occasion she paused by the porter's lodge, which, now in summer, was a very pretty place covered with creeping vines, the culture of which was a favorite occupation of Brother Peter; and shaded by one of the two Titan poplar trees that grew each side of the Convent portal. The door and window of the lodge were both open for the better circulation of the air, and Vivia saw the whole interior of the lodge, and that Wakefield Brunton occupied it alone.

There were now five other poor boys of the neighborhood, who, through Vivia's intercessions, shared Brother Peter's instructions; but as their attendance was almost necessarily irregular, there were seldom more than two or three present at a time, besides Wakefield, who was invariably punctual; and that was as many as the little room would accommodate.

Now, however, the hour was early, and no one had arrived but Wake, and he sat with his chair drawn up to the table, his elbows resting on it, his forehead dropped upon the palms of his hands, and his eyes fixed upon the open grammar before him. His attitude and expression was very serious, not to say sulky.

Vivia went up behind him and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

Wake looked up and met her happy, inspiring smile.

"Good-morning, Wakefield."

"Oh! good-morning, Miss Genevieve," he said, getting up and handing her his chair.

"Thank you, I do not wish to sit down, Wakefield. Where is Brother Peter?"

"Not come down from his breakfast yet."

"And none of the boys come yet?"

"No, Miss Genevieve, they do not come often or early, not nearly so much so since you do not come to help us," said the youth with a dash of reproach in his tone.

"I hoped, Wakefield, that I had got you all well started, and duty called me elsewhere."

"I never see you at all now, Miss Genevieve."

"I have two large classes in the Orphan Asylum to teach, and the children's ward in the Infirmary to visit regularly; besides I have the sole care of

our Mother's rooms, and am obliged by her orders to go on with my own studies."

"But I thought, Miss Genevieve, that you took the highest honors of the Academy last year, so there was no more for you to learn there?"

"I took the highest degree certainly, yet our Mother directs me to occupy certain hours every day with reading and with improving myself in music and in painting; and I must not disobey her, Wakefield; but I will ask her to remit my obligations some days so that I may visit you."

A sort of sulky assent rather than thanks was the response.

"Well, now then! now that I am here—what is the matter, Wakefield?" asked Vivia, cheerfully.

"I have so much to contend with, Miss Genevieve, so many privations and hindrances, and even almost insurmountable obstacles, I feel like giving right up, that I do, for I think I have more to struggle with than any one ever had before."

"No, you have not: yours is the trial of every human soul, the trial that is to prove what manner of spirit they are of—strong spirits, persevering, self-denying, heroic spirits, willing to endure, if necessary, severe privation, to perform hard labor, to wait hopefully long years for final success, surmount all obstacles and grow stronger in their struggle—only weak, pusillanimous spirits who cower before hardships, disappointments and difficulties ever fail. 'Many are called, but few are chosen,' for the simple reason that few are willing to persevere to the end. And that is right. For you would not have the glorious prizes of life, that should be the conquests of industry, self-denial and courage—as easily in the reach of sloth, gluttony and cowardice? No, in this struggle cowards fail, heroes conquer! Now are you a hero? will you conquer?"

The youth—he was now a handsome boy of fifteen, flushed and then smiled; his despondency and surliness were charmed away.

"Miss Genevieve," he said, "if only you would come often and speak a cheerful, animating word to me, such as you have this morning, I should not droop so sadly!"

"I will come when I can, Wake; but you will be strong and not need me, you will remember how many young students have toiled alone, without any to speak a kind, cheering word to them, and you will grow strong in thinking what triumphs they finally achieved."

"Oh! I could not—could not do without you, Miss Genevieve—you are like—like the breath of life to me! When you talk to me I feel able to do anything; but when you stay away so long I lose all hope and confidence in myself. I see that I am only one of a despised race—one of the 'poor whites'—the son of a day laborer; and the thought of ever being anything better than my poor father, seems to me like presumption; and the idea of ever distinguishing myself, or doing the world any sort of good, seems then no less than raving madness. Why, look at me!"

"Well, I am looking at you, and I see if you will only be true to yourself, that you could scarcely be in a better position than you are now for attaining success."

"What, Miss Genevieve! not if I were a rich man's son!"

"No! for the temptations to a life of ease and worthlessness would be more serious obstacles to your success than any which you now encounter; the sons of rich men seldom or never distinguish themselves."

"Well, then, would I not be better off if some wealthy gentleman were to take charge of me and send me to college, and afterwards on my travels for improvement?" suggested Wake, smiling at the fancy.

"A thousand nays! it would destroy or impair your chief element of success, your self reliance; I knew of one poor and highly gifted boy, a poet, whose genius attracted the attention of a rich man; he was adopted, educated, and sent abroad—but it did not end well; the temptations of the society in which he was thrown won him from the self abnegation of genius—and after a few fitful efforts, his glorious promise went down in a slough of self indulgence, sinking in dissipation, and finally terminating in disgrace and death. I know of another, a youth of great talent, and a strong practical turn of mind, he educated himself and studied law, and had a vocation for politics; he attracted the attention of a great declining statesman who thought his young, unwearied genius would be useful to him; he patronized the boy who thought his fortune was made by that distinguished notice: he was gradually initiated into the secret machinery of party tactics; he was taken to mass meetings, and to political barbecues to make speeches; he did the statesman, not the state, some service; he thought himself on the high road to distinction; but alas! he gradually lost, first his inclination towards a close application to study, and then he lost the power; he acquired a taste for wandering, for high living, for popular applause and excitement generally. When the statesman that had brought this young aspirant out died, his mighty mantle fell not upon the shoulders of his disciple, grown too weak to bear it—but listen! upon the sturdy back of a young man who had never been made effeminate by patronage, but who had schooled himself between the hours of driving a plane behind a carpenter's bench—while the light of that young, ruined genius was quenched in—wine! These facts are portions of family experience, Wakefield! I have heard them many times, in detached portions, which I have put together to draw my own inferences—this is one, Wakefield, that self-made men are the best and strongest, if not invariably the most righteous."

"So I think, Miss Genevieve, when I hear you talk, yes, and for a long time afterwards I feel equal to any exertion or any accomplishment, but when you are long absent I grow depressed and discouraged, and I think how shall I ever succeed in the end—I the son of a poor widow!"

"Listen farther, Wakefield! if I were to call over to you all the distinguished men that our country has produced in all the departments of fame, you would find nine out of ten the sons of poor parents, laboring men or widows. Some day we will go over the list together, just for the curiosity of the subject, and see if I am not right. There! Brother Peter is coming—mind, don't disappoint him of what is likely to be his favorite boast when he falls into decrepitude, dotage and garrulity. And here, Wakefield, here are two cravats I have brought you. Theodora hemmed them, but they are my colors, and you will wear them for my sake, and think of all I told you," she concluded, putting on the table two half squares of white cambric, dotted over with small red rose buds. Then before he could thank her she bade him good-bye, and tripped away, leaving the boy full of new zeal. She tripped along up the shaded avenue leading to the Convent, meeting Brother Peter she gave him good-morning with an animating smile and nod, that made the old man feel it to be a very good morning indeed; and then passed into the building.

Were Theodora and Wakefield then her only proteges? Far from it! Time would fail to tell you of them. In the cloister; in the Young Ladies' Academy; in the Orphan Asylum; in the Hospital; in the valley below; in the mountains around;—wherever there was sickness of soul or body to be ameliorated or cured; a fainting heart to be encouraged; a failing mind to be inspired; harshness to be softened; dullness to be enlightened; bad passions to be exorcised; estranged friends to be reconciled; evil habits to be changed; circumstances to be improved; ignorance to be taught; deficiencies of any sort to be made up; suffering from any cause to be soothed or cured;—there the bright visitant might be found ministering as far as they had need and she had power, to whomsoever would receive her.

One long, long summer's day, Theodora bent over one picture from morning till noon; forgot her dinner, and pursued her work, until the gentle admonition of hunger brought it to her mind; even then she postponed the claims of nature, and went on with her work until appetite went away and fever came; and still with flushed cheeks she bent over her drawing until the summer sun descended and set, and the waning day gave not light enough for her eyes; even then she took up her materials and moved them to the south window, where there was still some lingering light, and perching herself up on the oak chest, and placing her picture on the window ledge before her, she bent over it again with the same unwearied zeal. She was still bending over her work when two cool hands were placed upon her burning cheeks. She sprang up, her eyes dancing with joy.

"Why, Vivia, what an unexpected pleasure to see you here in the middle of the week, dear!"

"So it is to me! To-morrow is the Fourth of July, you know, and a holiday; and I got leave to come to you this evening, to stay until the fifth; but how your cheeks are flushed and how hot your hands are—you have a fever, dear."

"Only a fever of excitement, Genie. I have been all day long at work on this picture, and I cannot make it what I wish to!" said Theodora, in despair.

"Cannot come up to your ideal—a very common case, my love, for no matter how great your power of execution may be, the ideal, the heavenly guide will still keep above you, and it is well, for thus only can it lead you from height to height infinitely. Yet you will succeed with your picture."

"Oh, I don't know, I have been working at it all day; my head aches badly, and my heart aches sorely, and yet it seems to me that the picture gets worse and worse. Only look at it," said Theodora, in a despondent voice, handing the sketch to Vivia.

"Not this evening, dear, there is not light enough to see it to advantage, and you are too much exhausted already. We will examine it together to-morrow morning," replied Vivia, taking the picture, and putting it away in a plain portfolio formed of a doubled square of common blue pasteboard.

Theodora sank upon the floor and dropped her head upon Vivia's lap.

"It is in vain for me to ever think of being an artist—I shall fail and break my heart, I know I shall!"

"You will not, you will succeed! you are a very young girl yet—your sketches are wonderful. All artists feel depressed at times. You must not despair because you cannot accomplish what even finished artists cannot always do. Your aspirations united to such perseverance as you have, are an earnest of the highest success. You will yet paint pictures—glorious pictures, that shall inspire all who behold and understand them. But to live to do this, my Dora, my own dearest, best beloved, you must take better care of your poor little body and not let it suffer so. Just take the same pity on your poor little faithful, ill-used servant of a body, that you would on any other abused slave, and show it some mercy. Come now! bathe your face and head, and comb your hair," said Vivia, rising and pouring water from the ewer into the basin.

Theodora smiling faintly, went and obeyed her. And after she had washed and dried her face, and while she stood combing out her dark brown hair, Vivia uncovered a little wicker basket that hung upon her arm, and displaying its contents, said—

"Here are some fine peaches and some pears, the first of the season. They came from our Mother's garden—I brought them for you; I will pare some while you plait your hair—they are the very best things you can eat now after your fasting to cool your fever, and taking a silver clasped knife from her pocket, Vivia prepared the fruit. "There is a great deal of life-giving power in fresh, ripe fruit, if you notice, Theodora," she said, handing her friend, who had sat down beside her on the chest, a delicious peach.

"There is a great deal more in your dear love, Vivia; I should have died for sheer want of animation if it had not been for you."

"Not you! you could not be spared! You would have had a more lonely, sorrowful time, and might have painted dismal pictures—perhaps that would have been the worst. Now when you have done eating, we will put on our bonnets and walk out into the pleasant twilight. We will climb up to the top of the ridge and watch the harvest moon rise, and then come home in time for Mrs. Throgmorton's tea-table."

"But will it not be too late for us to go out, dear Genie?"

"No—you *must* have a walk after such a day as this has been with you. The evening is delightful. Fido came over with me, and he can go with us. So there will be no danger. Poor Fido! he is getting old now, but I hope he may have a metempsychosis and be a man next time, I am sure he deserves to!" said Vivia, smiling, as she finished paring and handed the last peach to Theodora.

When she had eaten this and declared herself to be delightfully refreshed and strengthened, they put on their bonnets, went down stairs and sallied forth, accompanied by Fido, for a walk. They were gone two hours—returned in time for tea, spent the evening with the family in the parlor, and retired to their attic for the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ As an amusing proof of the fact that the European papers do not understand America, we mention the blunder of the *Independance Belge* congratulating the State of Ohio on having elected a negro Governor of the Commonwealth—the Belgian journalist having attached a literal sense to the political designation and nickname of "Black Republicans" but The (London) Times is not more accurate when, seeing in the dispatches an account of some scattering votes on the ballots for Speaker, it seriously speaks of Mr. Scattering among the candidates for the Speakership. The *Belge* has more recently stated that Banks (the new Speaker of the House at Washington) is also a negro. And yet no American journalist ever supposed that a French "*Red* Republican" was a wild Indian.

☞ Why is a man who owns a calf, like a locomotive? Because he can boast of "a cow-catcher." The young man who sent us this, is becoming so brilliant that he charges a dollar an hour to allow people to look at him in the sun.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, nine copies will be sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
12 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names best at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

A WORD IN SEASON.

An *amiable* contemporary, to whom the recent improvements in our sheet seem to be not of the most satisfying and agreeable character, thus endeavors to stab us under the fifth rib:—

"We are distressed but not surprised to learn that our *very worthy* cotemporary, the "*Saturday Evening Post*," has received such a striking rebuke for its rabid ABOLITIONISM, since the beginning of the present year, as to threaten its utter annihilation. *Persons employed in the office* inform us that in one week only, over *twenty thousand discontinuances* were sent in to the office from the South and West! We repeat, we are not surprised at this, for we felt quite certain that when it became known that the proprietors had invested $10,000 in a daily paper started in this city, for the especial purpose of effecting compulsory abolition, even at the awful hazard of dismemberment of the Union, and had uttered their bitterest denunciations against our conservative Court—in the late Passmore Williamson case—could not hope for a continuance of patronage from the lovers of the Union, of peace and of justice; and as a proof of the justness of our calculations we have the facts to which we allude, coupled with another significant one, that the "*Post*" comes to us this week shuffled into a "quarto form," on dingy paper and indistinct typography. Alas poor Yorick!

A few statements in relation to the subject matter of the above *friendly* paragraph, have seemed to us not inappropriate at this time.

Our contemporary is under a slight error as to the "twenty thousand discontinuances." It is our regular practice—duly announced in the paper—to stop sending the Post to all our *club* subscribers at the expiration of their subscriptions. As a very large proportion of these *club* subscriptions expire at the end of the year, we have been in the habit for several years past of stopping at that time from twenty to thirty thousand subscribers. We suppose that in the last week of December 1854, and in the last week of December 1855, we erased from our books at least thirty thousand names. As the clubs are made up again, and forwarded to us with the money, they are duly entered anew upon our books. For instance, in the month of January this year, we re-entered about twenty thousand subscribers. If our contemporary, when he wishes to be enlightened as to our private affairs, would apply to us personally, instead of seeking his information from the "*persons employed in the office*," he would be less liable to fall into errors.

But our amiable contemporary is partly right in his assertion that we have lost subscribers in the Southern and South-Western States, by our course in relation to the case of Passmore Williamson. While our loss is not to the extent which he so charitably supposes—it is still quite a serious one, and proves very conclusively that our Southern friends were in earnest in their frequent remonstrances. We had "a hard row to hoe"—as our country friends might express it—during the continuance of that case—as we saw that it was weekly breaking those ties which had bound us to a large class of our most attached subscribers. Certain insulting letters then received, we may be allowed to pass by now with a simple expression of pity for the want of proper dignity and good taste in their writers—but a certain other class of letters, in many cases from old and valued subscribers, who expressed their sorrow at being compelled by what they considered their duty, to cut the links which had bound them to the Post, we shall ever recur to with a mixed feeling of sadness and pleasure. For we too were simply doing what we considered our imperative duty—and which not to have done, would have weighed heavier upon us, than the loss of thousands of subscribers.

For we believed that the question in dispute involved the Right of Pennsylvania to Establish and Maintain her Domestic Institutions; and the Right of every man—no matter how heinous his offence—to go unpunished until regularly tried and convicted by a Jury of his Peers. Our constant plea therefore was:—If Williamson is guilty according to law, punish him according to law—but do not attempt, by a Judicial subterfuge, to escape the binding force of that article of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "no *person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law.*" The result proved that we were right—Judge Kane himself accepting a mere general purgation, stating that no contempt was intended the Court (as none was), and thereby abandoning the very point of contempt which he had originally raised. The fact is, the case would not begin to hold water—and every good lawyer and sound reasoner, North and South, who is able to look at the matter in a calm, unprejudiced light, knows it.

But we are not about to re-examine the subject—we are simply stating that we regarded it as a case involving the very foundation principle of Civil Liberty—the right to the Trial by Jury—a right which it would be an outrage to deny even to the murderer.

But, as we have said, a large number of our Southern readers saw proper to disagree with us—and have manifested their displeasure by withdrawing from our list—the loss amounting to between ten and eleven thousand names, or not very far from one-half of our subscribers in the slave-holding States. Our list, which was over *Eighty* thousand last August, is now, in consequence, only over *Seventy* thousand. Still, however, it is we believe about seven to eight times that of our amiable contemporary—and, if we are correctly informed, considerably larger than that of any other *literary* paper in the United States.

As to the assertion of our contemporary, that we ever "*invested ten thousand dollars*" in any "daily paper," in this city or any other city,—although we are not able to perceive that it is any body's business but our own—it is one of those *mistakes* which prying characters are constantly liable to fall into. We never "invested" the first cent in any daily paper, of any character. For that matter we should be *opposed* to the establishment of a paper of the character described. We are by no means of the "rabid" spirit which it pleases our contemporary to represent. The experiences of the last eight years,—beginning with that year of Revolution, 1848—have caused us greatly to doubt the policy of all sudden changes in the structure of society; especially when brought about by the strong hand. It is somewhat as Schiller says, in "Wallenstein":—

"Straightforward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My soul! the road the human being travels,
That on which Blessings comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines.
Honoring the holy bounds of property,
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end."

As we have repeatedly expressed these views to our readers, with reference to the state of society in Europe, it is probable that they will not be surprised to learn that we entertain the same opinions as to our own country. We would have the people of America hold continually before their eyes the most perfect state of society that they can conceive—and then work gradually and carefully up to it; not gaining perhaps a great deal at a time, but never losing anything. We have not lived between thirty and forty years upon this planet, without perceiving that there is considerable truth in the common maxim, "the more haste, the less speed"—and that haste often thus defeats its own ends.

A firm believer that the structure of society in these Northern States, is, for an intelligent and moral population, the most perfect ever yet devised by the wit of man—we desire to see all other states and nations pressing on towards it, as rapidly as their circumstances will admit. But the institutions of a country must be adapted to the intellectual and moral advancement of its population. The Republicans of France obtained the right of suffrage for the ignorant and bigoted masses of the peasantry—and the result was, LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR. The wise course, in our opinion, therefore is, to establish such a degree of freedom as the masses are capable of exercising and enjoying—and strive to render them fit for still higher degrees. "The tools to the hands that can use them," is sound Democratic doctrine—but sharp tools are not recklessly to be put into the child's hands, when he is not yet capable of using them. Even for his own sake, must he be gradually accustomed to their use. Such are the views that have seemed reasonable to us, in relation to all conditions and changes of society. We are a friend of Progress and Development—but social and political Edens are not generally the work of a day.

So much we have thought proper to say, in view of the late falling off in our list, and the amiable comments of our contemporary. As to his remarks relative to the printing of last week's number,—we may freely acknowledge that it was not quite as good as it ought to have been, and we will endeavor to *please* him rather better in the future.

LECTURES IN GERMANTOWN.—We are pleased to see that the "Franklin Literary Society" is about instituting a course of Lectures, to be delivered at the Town Hall in Germantown. The first lecture will be delivered on Thursday evening, March 13th, by Prof. Henry Coppee, of the University—subject, "The Historic Parallels of the Conquest of Mexico."

It is to be hoped that an effort will be made to establish a Library and Free Reading Room in Germantown, similar to those recently established in other parts of Philadelphia. Why should not the "Franklin Literary Society" undertake the good work? We are convinced that there are numbers in and around Germantown, who would contribute gladly and liberally to such an undertaking. A yearly series of Lectures, from the best lecturers that can be procured, of course should be a feature of the new Institution. And, by the way, the citizens of every town in the Union, should have their Public Library, and Reading Room, and yearly Lectures. A well-selected library, of itself, will almost regenerate many a neighborhood. The young people must have something to employ their minds; and libraries, lectures, and debating societies often save many from those amusements which lead to vice and crime.

THE FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.—The decrease of immigration is even more marked in Canada and New Brunswick than in the United States—as will be seen by the following table:

Immigrants arrived in 1854 and 1855

	1854.	1855.	Decrease per ct.
United States	427,833	200,877	53 05
Canada	33,183	13,274	60 00
New Brunswick	3,028	1,193	61 10

We should judge from the above, that the main cause of the decrease of immigration was the increasing value of men in Europe—owing to the demand for soldiers, &c. Besides, Ireland probably has been already so thinned out, that there is plenty of room and work for the balance of her population.

THE WINTER IN EUROPE.—A friend recently returned from Europe, says that January was a very agreeable month. About Christmas it was very cold—but that was about the last, as well as the first, of the Winter. In the early part of February, the Parisians were enjoying themselves in their beautiful public parks. So it seems we have had all the cold weather to ourselves, this year. That "magnetic meridian" we have lately been told about, cannot yet have begun its backward movement towards Europe.

OUR FORTIFICATIONS.—We are pleased to see that $3,000,000 is to be appropriated towards perfecting our coast and harbor defences. The experiences of Sebastopol and Cronstadt, prove the recent advances in military science have done more for those who stand on the defensive, than for those who attempt the offensive. It is a blessed thing that it is so! For our part, whether our country be right or wrong in a quarrel, we do not want to see an invader upon our shores. Offensive war we would never support, except in the most undoubtedly righteous of causes—but defensive war is quite another thing. We would like to see our coast made impregnable to a hostile attack—cost what it might. Therefore, gentlemen of the House and Senate, vote rapidly the necessary sums required for *fortifications*—but deliberate when it comes to voting a large fleet or a large army. Large armies have proved fatal to the liberties of many nations—but fortifications always know their proper place.

THE NEW HYDRAULIC HEATER.—We had an incorrect impression of this heater, lately referred to in the Post. It may be described as a box or chest containing water, about 3 feet square and 5 feet long, varying of course with the different sizes. Immediately under this chest of water is the fire, making the most simple, direct, and certain circulation of the water possible. Lengthwise through this body of circulating hot water, pass six inch hexagonal tubes, open at both ends, for the air to pass through—leaving a space of any desirable thickness between them, say from ¾ to 1½ inches, for the water. These pipes or tubes are again divided by radial divisions into six smaller tubes—which greatly conduces to the heating of the air. The advantages claimed for the invention are its simplicity and cheapness, the small number of its joints, the purity of the warm air, and the perfect immunity from explosions. It is to be seen in operation at No. 82 North Sixth street.

☞ We regret to say that the quality of the paper and printing on the first number of the new form last week, was not quite up to the mark we had fixed upon. In making such changes, things are apt to work a little badly at first—but, in the course of a week or two, we trust to have everything in complete order.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.—It will be seen that the prospect of a speedy peace between Russia and the Allies is still unclouded. Louis Napoleon, by a republication in the *Moniteur*—the official paper—of a strong article which appeared in the Democratic, Anti-Russian *Siecle*, crushed at one blow all the rumors of discord existing between France and England as to the terms of peace. Advices from St. Petersburg indicate that Russia is in earnest this time.

THE FIRST GUN.—We found last week that the periodical dealers of Philadelphia required about fifteen per cent. more than their usual number of the Post. We certainly ought to have three readers in this city for every one we now have.

A correspondent at Union, Broome Co., N. Y., says that our subscribers at that place "are well pleased with the change of form, &c.," and thinks he can send us some more subscribers.

THE FIRESIDE VISITOR.—The first number of a new weekly paper with this title, is before us. It is a pretty looking sheet, and edited by Mr. J. M. Church and Miss Ella Rodman. Messrs. A. C. Bryson & Co. are the proprietors. We welcome them to the pleasures and toils of the newspaper world.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—A correspondent (J. A. A.) at Richmond, Ind., says that people would have no trouble with their postage stamps, if they would wet the picture side *first*. They will then firmly adhere. The common plan is to wet both sides at once, or else only wet the adhesive side.

☞ NEWSPAPERS.—Dr. Johnson, when in the fullness of years and knowledge, said: "I never take up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen: never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

☞ A Yankee has invented a plague which kills off all who do not pay the printer. It is more destructive than the consumption.

☞ What kind of paper most resembles a sneeze? *Tissue.*

Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee.

☞ Among the jokes which have been got off during the detentions occasioned by the deep snow, is the following from a Vermont paper: "Madam," said a conductor a day or two since, "your boy can't pass at half fare—he's too large." "He may be too large *now*," replied the woman, who had paid for half a ticket, "*but he was small enough when we started!*"

☞ Rogers—the poet, says, Sheridan told him that he was aware he ought to have made a love scene between Charles and Marie in the "School for Scandal," and would have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do justice to such a scene."

☞ A darkey was recently asked, by a brother Sambo, the cause of the extreme cold weather with which we have been afflicted, and he replied, "I can't 'splain it on any feelosophical principles I hab about me just now, but I heerd a white man say dat the world, which in or'nary times rebolbs on its own axe, has dis year turned only half round, and dat de cold side has stuck fast out our way."

THE TOBACCO CROP.—The Upper Marlboro' (Virginia) Gazette says that the present winter has been very unfavorable for stripping and packing tobacco for market, in consequence of which there is scarce any tobacco ready for shipment, and adds:

"It is now too late to attend to it, as the backwardness of the season for making beds in which to raise the plants, renders it impossible to devote any considerable time to the old crop. The spring shipments will therefore be small, and but little of the article will find its way to market until late in the summer. Those who have tobacco in the hands of the agents in Baltimore will, we feel assured, do well to hold it at higher rates than are now prevailing."

BLACK OAK.—The bark of this tree, when used for tanning, makes leather of as good quality as white oak bark, but because its color is a light yellow, it will not bring the same price in the market as hemlock and white oak tanned leather. The prejudice against it on account of the color is wrong, and is founded on ignorance, but tanners cannot afford to wait until this public prejudice is cured. Many of them, therefore, knowing the quality of the yellow bark, have consulted in reference to some method that would enable them to use it in their vats, and change its color, and make the leather tanned by it resemble the reddish hemlock, or the buff of white oak.

THE CINCINNATI SLAVE CASE.—Gov. Chase, of Ohio, has made a requisition on the Governor of Kentucky for the return of the slave woman who killed one of her children in Cincinnati, and who has since been sent back to slavery. The demand for her return is in order that she may stand her trial in the Criminal Court of Cincinnati for the murder.

NEWS ITEMS.

The cost of the proposed ten new steam war sloops will be $5,000,000. The Senate's bill appropriates $2,000,000 to begin with.

MEDICAL USE OF PERFUMES.—Pathologically considered, the use of perfumes is, in the highest degree, prophylactic: the refreshing qualities of the citrine odors to an invalid, has often restored health when life and death trembled in the balance, by the mere sprinkling of the essence of cedrat in the sick chamber.

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—Chambers's Journal alludes to a discovery by Mr. Blundell, dentist, of London, of a process for extracting teeth without pain, and to another process described by Dr. Roberts before the Scottish Society of Arts, for cauterizing the dental nerve and stopping teeth without pain, independent of the ordinary intimidating mode of holding a red hot iron before the patient's face. Mr. Blundell's process is the application of ice to the jaw, which so deadens the sensibility that the tooth is extracted without pain. The process of Dr. Roberts is to cauterize by means of a wire applied to the patient's tooth perfectly cold, and afterwards instantaneously heated to the required extent by a small electric battery.

THE RIDGWAY CASE.—The Gazette de France, reports that the Imperial Court of Paris, on appeal by Messrs. De Valmy and De Lery, has affirmed the judgment of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, deciding that Mrs. Ridgway, an American lady, is entitled as heiress to one-third of the estate of the late Duchess de Plaisance. Mrs. Ridgway's share will amount to about $230,000. The Duchess de Plaisance was, it appears, the daughter of the late M. and Mme. de Marbois, and the latter, whose name was Elizabeth, was the daughter of William Moore and Sarah Lloyd, of Pennsylvania; and Mrs. Ridgway is the grand-daughter of Thos. Moore, son of the said William Moore and Sarah Lloyd.

SAILING ON THE ICE.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing from Albany, says: "Ice boats on the Hudson are said to outstrip the cars. They are common sailboats, on two sharp runners, like skates, and carry one mast, sloop fashion. They will beat against the wind as easily as a boat in the water, and they will run forty and even sixty miles an hour."

SOAP FROM COTTON-SEED.—Mr. Barnes, a soap-manufacturer in New Orleans, La., has manufactured a new article of soap, made from cotton seed; it is purely vegetable, and has the same properties as Castile soap; the color is dark, for the reason that it is made from the dirtiest portion of the seed. It is sold at six cents per pound.

The State of Iowa is said to contain twenty-five thousand square miles underlaid by the coal formation, and yet not a single seam in the whole of this vast deposit is known to exist over three and a half feet in thickness, or one from which its quantity and quality is likely to induce capitalists to embark any considerable sum in its development and working as a commercial operation.

Very few English coasting vessels ever leave Shanghai or Ningpoo without an assorted lot of boys thrown in to make up her cargo. The traffic in girls is still more general, in consequence of the prevalence of infanticide, which countenances the murder of female infants as soon as they are born. We hear, says a recent number of the *Friend of China*, of one hundred girls ready for shipment at one place for the cigar factory at Manilla, and an order for two thousand girls at Cuba has lately been received. Boys can be sold at a profit for $3,75, and girls as low as a shilling to twenty-five cents.

T. B. Macaulay has retired from Parliament. The Whigs intend to put forward Adam Black, the publisher, to represent Edinburgh in his stead.

It is said that the poet Rogers has left five volumes of Memoirs, ready for the press, in the hands of his executor and publisher, Mr. Moxon, of London. A volume of "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers," by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is announced by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

At a recent trial in Paris, between a steel-pen dealer of that city, and Messrs. Hinks & Wells, the manufacturers of Birmingham, it was stated that in the whole world there are but fourteen manufactories of steel pens; and that nine of them are at Birmingham, four at Boulogne sur-Mer, and one at Paris.

Hon. William Mitchell, of Nantucket, states that for the last one hundred and eighty days no spot has been observed on the surface of the sun, a circumstance of no usual occurrence. He also says that the year 1855 was throughout remarkable for the absence of solar spots, of aurors, and, in this region, of westerly winds and thunder.

Dr. Hodge, who had just published an account of John Hunter's character and life, says that Hunter probably killed himself by taking too little sleep, "Four hours' rest at night and one after dinner cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of body and mind."

FAILURE OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.—The Louisville Courier of Friday week, contains the following paragraph: "A correspondent writing from Lexington under yesterday's date, advises us of the failure of Capt. Cassius M. Clay. His assignees are his brother, Brutus J. Clay, and M. C. Johnson, Esq., of Lexington. For several years past, Mr. Clay has been a large speculator in hogs, and to the recent heavy decline in hog products, we presume, may be attributed his unfortunate failure."

AMERICAN RIFLES FOR RUSSIA.—It is said that a Russian agent was in Worcester, Mass., a few days since, and made a contract with a manufacturer there for several thousand rifles. They are to be of the Sharp patent, with some improvements.

LADIES USING LEAP-YEAR PRIVILEGE.—The Supreme Court of Vermont, at its recent session at Rutland, granted nine divorces. Three of the applications were made by the husbands, the rest by the wives.

THE CLERGY AND DANCING.—A few Sundays ago, at Boonsborough, Md., a clergyman informed all his congregation who had been engaged in dancing that they could consider themselves dismissed from church privileges, and also from the Sabbath School. Another clergyman of the same place delivered a sermon on the 13th ult. against "social dancing."

Prof. Albers, of Germany, states that in his dissections of the brains of several persons who had for many years undergone great mental labor the substance of the brain was found to be unusually firm, the convolutions much developed and their gray substance increased. The growth of the brain generally continues until about the fiftieth year, as determined by careful measurement of its weight.

We learn that a farmer near Galt, Canada West, who had 800 bushels of wheat, for which he has been offered the high prices of last season, but chose to keep it, in the hope of getting more, hung himself last week. Another farmer, near London, had three years' crops on hand, which he had refused to sell at the extreme rates of last fall. He is now insane, his reason given away at the prospect of having to sell at a greatly reduced price.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

A man named Hunter has been fined $1,000 and forfeited six slaves, at New Orleans, for selling them in such a manner as to separate mother and child, contrary to the laws of Louisiana.

ROBERT SCHUYLER.—It was stated some time since that this noted New York financier had died near Florence, but a German resident of Wilmington, N. C., informs the Commercial of that town that he has lately received papers from Germany which state positively that he is now living in the little town of Brugge, in the Principality of Rudelstadt, Germany.

SMALL POX FROM VACCINATION.—In New Kent county, Va., and vicinity, eighty persons are said with small pox, in consequence of having been recently vaccinated with some vaccine matter furnished as genuine by a vaccine agent to Dr. W. P. Richardson. Some of the cases are very critical, and the Virginia Legislature has been investigating the subject.

PRODUCTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.—The popular idea that North Carolina produces nothing but "tar, pitch and turpentine," is fast being dispelled by the railroads with which the energy of her citizens are covering her territory. Last year the county of Hyde exported corn and wheat to the amount of $860,000; and the county of Edgecombe raised and sold $400,000 worth of cotton. The exports from Washington, N. C., for the year, amounted to $1,020,618 12, of which $37,046 was to foreign countries. Since the opening of the Central Railroad to Greensboro', there have been 539 barrels of flour sent to that town, of which 320 went to Norfolk; 153 barrels of dried fruit were among the first received in Norfolk.

New Publications.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY: or Spiritualism Thoroughly Exposed. By J. W. DANIELS.

"And when they shall say unto you,
Seek unto them that have familiar spirits,
And unto wizards that peep, and that mutter,
Should not a people seek unto their God?
For the living to the dead?" —*Isaiah* viii. 19.

"If they hear not Moses and the Prophets,
Neither will they be persuaded
Though one rose from the dead." —*Luke* xvi. 31.

New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. For sale by Cowperthwait & Co., 207 Market St., Philada.

Not many years ago the possible appearance of a ghost was almost universally questioned; it was as much as a man's reputation for good sense was worth to say that he believed in it; admitting that it might be, was the one weak spot in the colossal mind of Dr. Johnson; scientific men learnedly and laboriously traced all apparitions to diseases of the brain; our forefathers, the witch-burners of New England, were branded with weak superstition, and the folly of fighting against nonentities;—and now, what a flood of spiritualism has overswept the land! It is the reaction from a degree of unbelief in spiritual agency that was beginning to invade the Scriptures themselves; and we have observed that just in those quarters where there is least religious faith, this new doctrine is most eagerly received, and runs most rampant among its victims. For the human spirit cannot rest in material things; if it have not the true faith, it seeks some false one: if not fortified with religion, it is a ready prey to superstition.

We have not ourselves the least knowledge experimentally of any of these phenomena, small or great. We have never joined a circle, nor witnessed the table tipping or other absurd performances; none of the wonderful sights or sounds of the new faith have come before us. Nor have we felt the first impulse to approach the subject. It has a revolting aspect as of meddling with forbidden things; and all the marvels trumpeted abroad, pass us by as so much "sound and fury signifying nothing." For we have waited in vain, we still wait, for any good result from these investigations. Bad results we have in abundance. Every newspaper chronicles cases of madness and suicide directly caused by this tampering with the unknown agencies of the spirit world.

This book is an acceptance of the challenge sent forth by the lately organized "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," having for their officers quite an array of distinguished names. They say:—

"Within the last two years, Spiritualism has increased in strength and stature, with a growth unprecedented in the history of mental giants. If it be a lie, there is every prospect of its enveloping this world, and, by its weight, sinking this world one degree lower in the depth of degradation. If it be a lie, it has come in so lovely a garb that men will seek it, unless they be warned by a strong voice; men will flee to it as though it were an angel sent from Heaven—will become enveloped in its false light, and will be borne down to death by the weight of its false glory. If it be a lie, ye men of America, who have one thought toward the good of your fellows, it is your duty to come forward as one man, to tear the veil from the face of the lie, and expose it in all its hideousness. We challenge you, as men—as earnest men, as men desiring the good of your fellows—to come forth and meet us in the fight, expose our errors, draw the shroud away, and enable the world to see us as we are. We challenge you to come and do that thing."

The challenge is met as it should be by a thorough exposition of Spiritualism from the beginning, in all its various manifestations, from the earliest recorded history of the world; showing its identity with the sorcery of the Egyptians, the idolatry of the Jews, the oracles of the Greeks, the possession by devils in the time of Christ, and the demon-worship of Paganism. The wonderful doings of the spirits in the present day, and in our own country, are familiar to all newspaper readers, and need not be repeated. We copy a short extract from

SPIRITUALISM IN CHINA.

The Overland China Mail, of June 6, 1854, contains an account of spirit-manifestations in China, by Dr. Macgowan, of Ningpoo.

He says they have had the table tippings, or rather whirlings, and spirit-writings there for a long time. Writing is performed with a pencil or a chopstick, on a table which has been covered over thinly with bran, flour, dust, or any powder to receive the communications.

In a great number of cases the characters thus traced will be found in perfect accordance with the best style of composition, accurately communicating things altogether unknown to the operators.

"There is probably not a native living—Pagan or Christian, Jew or Mahomedan, or anything else, who does not religiously believe it to be owing to supernatural agency; and in support of that belief, almost any of them will give narratives which, to say the least, must be admitted to be extremely curious; for, say they, if you invoke the presence of a ghost by suitable religious ceremonies, you will almost invariably have characters traced on the table by a spirit, which generally reveals something occult and mysterious.

Soon after our arrival in Ningpoo, in 1848, such a wonderful impulse was suddenly given to the custom, that it could only be compared to the prevalence of an epidemic. There was scarcely a house in which it was not practiced, for a season, almost daily. The cause of this remarkable revival of an old custom could not be ascertained; *but its subsidence, after a short period, was explained by the amount of mischief occasioned by those who followed or confided in the communications from Hades, and by the complaint that little real advantage ever accrued from this form of divination.*

A club of literary graduates were in the habit of assembling in a Taoist temple, for practicing the Ki, as the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the "spiritual manifestations" which they elicited. It was continued for a long time, until the arrival of an intendant, who disproved of the demonality; he addressed the party as a friendly adviser, urging the discontinuance of such practices, on the ground that he *had never known any good, but considerable evil, to result from them.* His counsel was followed; and since that time this sort of divination has been tried only occasionally, and by individuals.

A poor graduate, after worshipping and employing incantations, invoked the presence and instructions of his deceased grandfather; whereupon the pencil traced, in a legible hand, some suggestions, which were complied with, *but which proved disastrous to the scholar.*

Nothing can be more conclusive in our opinion, than the Bible testimony quoted in this volume:—

JEHOVAH said to Israel: "When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, *that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.* For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations, the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee."—Deuteronomy xviii. 10-12.

I. DIVINATION.—"Divination, the art of foretelling future events by previously recognized signs. The word is derived from the Latin *divinus*, and that again from *divinus*, forming an acknowledgment of the text,—'secret things belong to God!' The Greek word is *manteia*, and *mantis*, which takes its derivation from *mantis*, a prophet or soothsayer, is generally used in combination to denote the various species of divination. Thus, geomancy, necromancy, cheiromancy, from *ge, the earth, nekros, a dead person; cheir, the hand*; and *manteia*, signifying, therefore, divination by means of sand or earth, by calling up the spirits of the dead, and by investigating the lines on the palm of the hand. Divination appears to have been early reduced to a kind of a system, and we find many prohibitions in the word of God directed against it. * * * The kinds of divination mentioned in Holy Writ, are:—

Cupellomacy, otherwise Berylomacy, divination by the cup or jewel.

Rhabdomancy, divination by the wand or arrow.

Necromancy, divination by the dead.

Splanchnomancy, divination by inspecting the entrails of victims.

Oneiromancy, divination by dreams.

Cleromancy, divination by lot.

Idolomancy, divination by teraphim.

Phonomancy, divination by voices.

There were some lawful means among the Jews for inquiring into the future. There were the prophets or seers; there was the Urim and Thummim. God having thus made provision even for the infirmities of the people, all other modes of obtaining a knowledge of future events were forbidden under the severest penalties; to be stoned to death was the punishment denounced against diviners and those who consulted them; and it is to be observed that none were likely to do so save those who, on account of the unlawfulness of their designs, could not consult the lawful oracles, or those to whom, on account of their offences, these oracles were sealed. Thus, we find Saul declaring to the shade of Samuel: "God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams, therefore I called thee."—1. Sam. 28: 15.—*Bible Cyclo. Art. Divination.*

2. OBSERVER OF TIMES, one who imputes good or ill fortune to the day when any enterprise is commenced, regarding some days as lucky and other days as unlucky.

3. ENCHANTER, a person who practices incantation or conjuration; one who calls up spirits by magic formulas; one who brings into action the power of spirits.—See Ex. 7 and 8.

4. WITCH, a woman who practices divination by the aid of evil spirits; one who has a divining spirit in her; one who exerts supernatural power by the aid of a familiar spirit; "a medium for test personations, by which the actual presence" of evil spirits "can be realized;" a "developing medium."

"*Witch*, a woman who, by a compact with the devil, practices sorcery, or enchantment."—*Webster.*

5. CHARMER, a mesmerizer; a psychologist; one who entrances by the assistance of evil spirits.

6. CONSULTER WITH FAMILIAR SPIRITS, one who consults a spirit that is in him, or by which he is inspired; one who consults an evil or a departed spirit, with which a compact has been made; one who consults a spirit that inspires another, or that is familiar with another.

"*Familiar Spirit*, a demon, or evil spirit, supposed to attend at call."—*Webster.*

GESENIUS defines the original of 1 Sam. 28: 7—rendered in our version "a woman who hath a familiar spirit"—"*A woman whom is a divining spirit.*"

"Mediums" of these days say they have divining spirits *in them.* Some say they have made a compact with spirits to be their constant attendants, familiars and guardians. Others say that spirits are obedient to their call. Thus, Prof. Hare says, "*spirits do exist obedient to his call.*"

7. WIZARD, a medium for evil spirits, or departed spirits; a conjuror or enchanter; a sorcerer."—*Webster.*

8. NECROMANCER. Necromancy, Greek *Necromanteia* is derived from *Nekros*, dead, and *Mantis*, a diviner. It signifies divination, or the revealing of secrets by the assistance of the dead.

"*Necromantis*, one who reveals future events by communication with the dead."—*Donnegan*—*Webster.*

9. SOOTHSAYER, a prognosticator, a foreteller; one who undertakes to tell future events without reliance on Divine inspiration. Balaam, who went to curse Israel, is styled a soothsayer.—Joshua 13: 22.

10. MAGIC, the art or science of putting into action the power of spirits: or the science of producing effects by the aid of departed spirits.—*Webster.*

Jannes and Jambres, who withstood Moses, were styled magicians and sorcerers.

11. SORCERY, magic; with craft; or divination with the assistance of evil spirits.—*Webster.*

In Revelation, 21: 8, sorcerers are classed with murderers, and doomed to perdition.

Mr. Brittan, editor of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, expressed his belief to the writer, that the Bible justifies intercourse with spirits; that only the *idolatrous form* of spiritual intercourse is forbidden. This is a mistake. Our quotation from Deuteronomy prohibits it in six specifications, neither of which involve idolatry. All these, with soothsaying and magic, are comprised in sorcery, which is treated as a heinous crime.—Sorcerers * * * shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."—Rev. 21: 8.

The severe penalties decreed against sorcerers, witches and consulters with familiar spirits, and those who possessed them, prove they were not mere pretenders. It is incredible to suppose that Jehovah aimed at a mere pretence, when, from the thunders of Sinai, He decreed to Israel:

"*Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live?*"—Ex. 21: 18.

"The soul that turneth after such as *have familiar spirits*, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people. A man also or woman that *hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard*, shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones."—Lev. 20: 6, 27.

Now let those who, in the face of such language as this, deny that the offenders here named had intercourse with spirits, take the responsibility of asserting that Jehovah *legislated against nonentities!*

"Both the law and the history therefore concede," says Mr. Beecher, "the *reality* of the practice doomed with death. And the reason of the penalty is manifest. Polytheism was the disease to be cauterized. The worship of the dead was the root of Polytheism. Converse with the dead was the root of worship. Odylic arts were the root of converse. Therefore the law struck at the root by prohibiting the whole on the pain of death."—*Beecher's Review*, p. 44.

In conclusion, we give the testimony of one who, after ample opportunities of observation upon the practical effects of Spiritualism, comes out from it in disgust:

Mr. John F. Whitney, editor of the New York *Pathfinder*, who represents himself to have been a devoted spiritualist "for the last two years, for months in constant communication with the spirits, at the head of the most extensive establishment in existence for the investigation of the phenomena, publishing one of the leading journals, devoted entirely to the cause, and employing about the premises no less than eight mediums, for public sittings, for investigation and instruction, and this establishment being carried on at an expense of over two hundred dollars a week," believes in the "undeniable evidences of the existence of disembodied spirits," but denounces the intercourse, as tending to incalculable evil, and Spiritualism as an infamous system. He says: "After a long and constant watchfulness, seeing for months and years its progress and its practical workings upon its devotees, its believers, and its mediums, we are compelled to speak our honest conviction, which is that the manifestations coming through the acknowledged mediums, who are designated as Rapping, Tipping, Writing, and Entranced Mediums, have a baneful influence upon its believers, and create discord and confusion; that the generality of these teachings inculcate false ideas, approve of selfish individual acts, and endorse theories and principles which, when carried out, debase and make man but a little better than the brute creation. *These* are among the fruits of modern Spiritualism, and we do not hesitate to say that we believe if these manifestations are continued to be received, and to be as little understood as they are, and have been, since they first made their appearance at Rochester, and mortals are to be deceived by the false, fascinating, and snake-like charming powers which go with them, the day will come when the world will require the appearance of another Saviour to redeem it.

"'By their fruits ye shall know them.' This is the standard by which we would try them. Let the believers in this modern philosophy, and its acknowledged mediums, be judged by this text. By their lives, their daily acts, their position as good moral members of society; and upon that we will hang the decision whether these manifestations be for good or for evil. Let them be placed in the scale of moral progression, and they will be found wanting.

"Seeing, as we have, the gradual progress it makes with its believers, particularly its mediums, from lives of morality to those of sensuality and immorality, gradually and cautiously undermining the foundation of good principles, till we look back with amazement to the radical changes which a few months will bring about in individuals, for its tendencies are to approve and endorse each individual act and character, however good or bad those acts may be, drawing to respond to the inquirer's mind spirits in sympathy, who are but the counterpart of the mind that draws them, thus giving to each believer in Spiritualism, the approval of Heaven, as they think, of their lives, be that life good, bad or indifferent. If the individual be an adulterer or an adulteress, approval of their course is given from the spirit, and perhaps from what purports to be the spirit of a loving, devoted father, and who, while in the form, would have gone to his grave in wretchedness and misery to have known that one of his children could have so erred while living; or, perhaps a loving wife or husband, brother or sister, approving of that to which their earth life was an apparent contradiction, and so on through almost the entire category of crime, we might furnish examples from our own observation, of what we ourselves, during the past two years, have witnessed." Mr. Whitney continues:—

"We desire to send forth our warning voice, and if our humble position, at the head of a public journal, our known advocacy of Spiritualism, our experience, and the conspicuous part we have played among its believers, the honesty and fearlessness with which we have defended the subject, will weigh anything in our favor, we desire that our opinions may be received, and those who are moving passively down the rushing rapids to destruction, should pause, and ere it be too late, save themselves from the blasting influence which these manifestations are causing, and instead of wasting their time in running after false gods, seek the pure and spotless truth * * * and all the virtues that make men worthy to receive the blood of Christ, 'which washeth out all sin.' In conclusion, then, we would repeat, our belief in modern Spiritual manifestations is unchanged, save only, that we believe that evil is the tendency emanating from them, and the result to individual believers is to debase rather than to elevate, and to create discord where harmony should prevail. Its tendencies are evil wherever its influence is felt, and the only safety is to steer clear from them."

Such a rebuke, from such a source, must tell terribly against the "establishments" and circles of this satanic system.

WOMAN'S FAITH. A Tale of Southern Life. New York: Derby & Jackson. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

An unexceptionable and in places commendable tale as to sentiments and principles, but weakly written. The characters talk on stilts; they utter good and lofty thoughts, but in an inflated, grandiloquent style that in real life would meet only an astonished stare or derisive laugh.

INDIA, THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is the romantic title of a story that a few years ago passed through the columns of the National Era under the sober name of Mark Sutherland. It is written with the author's usual ability. The sketches of Western pioneer life are pictured with a graphic fidelity that only experience could give.

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF NICHOLAS THE FIRST, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; with descriptions of Russian Society and Government, a History of the War in the East, until the present time, and Sketches of Schamyl, the Circassian Chief, and other distinguished characters. By Samuel M. Smucker. Published by J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth St., Philada. See advertisement.

OUR CHURCH MUSIC. A book for pastors and people. By Richard Storrs Willis. Published by Dana & Co., New York. For sale by H. Hooker, Philadelphia.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY; OR, YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART FOR 1856. Exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements during the year 1855. Edited by David A. Wells. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. For sale by PARRY & MCMILLAN, Philada.

A COMPLETE MANUAL FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY; with a Description of the best Varieties. By B. Eastwood. Published by C. M. Saxton & Co. New York. For sale by E. C. & J. Biddle, Philada. Price 50 cents.

THE MORMONS AT HOME; with some incidents of travel from Missouri to California, in a Series of Letters. By Mrs. G. B. Ferris, wife of the late U. S. Secretary for Utah. Published by Dix & Edwards, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

RECENT SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES, by Charles Sumner. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

EDITH HALE: a Village Story. By Grace Talmon. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER; literally translated, with Explanatory Notes. By Theodore Alois Buckley. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN GRAPE GROWER'S GUIDE. By Wm. Chorlton. Published by C. M. Saxton & Co. New York. For sale by E. C. & J. Biddle, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

THE DAY-STAR OF AMERICAN FREEDOM; or the Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland. By George Lynn-Lachlan Davis, of the Bar of Baltimore. Published by C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Vols. 3 and 4. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

THE OCEAN. By P. H. Gosse, author of "An Introduction to Zoology," "The Canadian Naturalist," &c. Published by Parry & McMillan, Philada.

LEARNING TO THINK. By Jacob Abbott. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS. No. 15. American History. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

POCKET-BOOKS FOR RAILROAD AND CIVIL ENGINEERS. By Oliver Byrne. Published by C. Shepard & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

EDITH; or, The Quaker's Daughter. A Tale of Puritan Times. By one of her Descendants. New York: Published by Mason Brothers. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

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"THE SPECTATOR," in eight volumes—clearly printed upon good white paper. It deserves more than a passing notice; and yet is it not sufficient for itself? For its name alone is its eulogy, placing it above the necessity of the critic's "honorable mention." For sale by *Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia.*

THE LOST HUNTER. A Tale of Early Times. New York: Derby & Jackson. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

If the subject matter of this volume were condensed within the limits of an ordinary newspaper story, it would make a very creditable production. As it is, it must pass for one of the afflictions of the critic—a thing that he can neither praise nor blame with heartiness.

Life in Paris.

OLIVES—PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE VANITIES—AN OLD FRIEND IN HIGH PLACES—GOSSIPS' DILEMMA—THE IMPERIAL DAIRY—THE MODERN CELLINI—A ROUGH RECEPTION—OLD STARS AND NEW ONES—ANOTHER SAINT IN THE CALENDAR—WHAT THE WORLD MIGHT DO IF IT WOULD.

PARIS, Feb. 14, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The principal topic of interest here is still the approaching arrival of the plenipotentiaries charged to draw up and sign the treaty of peace. It is expected that this important matter will be speedily accomplished, and that the ball which the city of Paris will give at the Hotel de Ville in honor of the event will not be long deferred. To the gay world of Paris this ball is almost as interesting a point as the treaty; some, indeed, seem to think it rather the more important of the two. A Congress of Sovereigns to regulate various international questions touching the interests of Europe in general, is still spoken of as a probable sequence to the restoration of "peace." I have before adverted to the present brilliant extravagance that has seized on the elegant portion of the public here, and which leads two-thirds of the women of Paris to spend the greater part of their husbands' incomes on laces, feathers, and frippery; thus bringing every species of discomfort and unhappiness into their homes, and making all those who cannot possess themselves of the same amount of finery ready to burst with envy and vexation. Should a Congress of Sovereigns really take place here—and the event would seem a very probable one—it is certain that Paris will outdo itself in *fetes* and magnificences; and it is difficult to imagine the supernatural lengths and breadths to which the coquetry of the Parisian belles will stretch itself under the stimulus of such an occasion.

Meantime, the favorite character in the magnificent masked and fancy balls which have been given during the Carnival, has been the *Sebastopol Cantiniere*, imitated from the beautiful costume of the young *Cantiniere* whose appearance called forth such general admiration on the grand occasion of the entry of the Crimean troops, and duly described in one of my former letters for the amusement and edification of your readers. One of these improvised "friends of the brave," the Marquise de M———, had filled the little barrel she carried so coquettishly under her arm at the grand ball given by the Count Tascher de la Pagerie at his apartment in the Tuileries, with all manner of little trifles, which she sold at fabulous prices to the other guests, the proceeds of her sales being consecrated to the fund for the relief of the wives and families of soldiers wounded in the East.

Rumor, which had positively decided that the grand addition to the imperial family which is looked for between the 15th and 20th of next month, would take place at the Tuileries, is now wavering upon the subject, and is more inclined to assert that the beautiful chateau of St. Cloud will be the scene of the great event. It is said that the birth of the heir will probably be signalized by a political amnesty which will permit many of those now in exile to return to France; but this point appears to me exceedingly doubtful. Great numbers of arrests have taken place all over France within the last few weeks; and the secret societies are said to be exceedingly active again now that peace abroad seems to be so nearly certain. It is hardly likely, therefore, that the present government which appears to place so much confidence in the "screwing down of the valves," will allow its most determined opponents to re-enter the country at present. The part taken by the government in the late disturbances at the Sorbonne is certainly not calculated to inspire belief in any project of clemency. Fifteen of the students arrested for demonstrations against the "double-morality" of M. Nisart have just been tried before the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine. After a deliberation of two hours, the jury declared one of the accused to be innocent of the charges brought against him, and condemned three of the others to six months' imprisonment, three to three months', four to one month, and the four others to a fine of 100 francs each. Nothing is said in public about the two unhappy young fellows transported to Cayenne without trial; but the truth of the report is the none the less widely believed among the public.

The gossips who have been positively affirming that the Pope was coming to baptize the Imperial baby, have suddenly remembered that if Queen Victoria is to be the godmother, and King Victor Emmanuel one of the godfathers—points which they have held to be conclusively settled in the affirmative—his Holiness would hardly consent to officiate in a ceremony in which a heretic Queen and an excommunicated King would play so conspicuous a part. Being quite determined, however, that the expected infant *shall* be crowned by the Head of the Church, and equally bent upon the presence of the royal sponsors aforesaid, the gossips in question are sadly embarrassed, and find it very difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. But if people are in doubt as to who is to christen the Imperial baby, their minds are happily relieved of all uncertainty as to who is to nurse it, for a very handsome peasant woman, from Audemer, in Normandy, has been selected to fill the office of "cow," (as the Londoners express it,) to the expected heir, and is already installed at the Tuileries in her picturesque Caucholse cap and costume.

Much has been said and written of late, and with reason, against the almost universal employment of "wet-nurses" by French mothers; and the example of the Queen of England, who has nursed all her own children, is often quoted with merited approbation. But it must be conceded that, though all mothers *ought* to be healthy and strong enough to perform this duty for their children, it may still be better for the infant, in cases in which the mother's health is not good, to be nursed by a strong and healthy woman, even if she be not its mother. And no one can see the pale and weary-looking face of the Empress Eugenie without fully admitting that, in her case, the employment of a substitute is the wisest thing to be done for her child.

Reports having been circulated that the Empress's health was such as to justify the fear of a repetition of the unfortunate occurrence which marked the first year of her marriage, her Majesty has taken pains to show herself to the public, and has been driving about in an open landau with the Emperor, and going to the operas and theatres with great zeal and perseverance. On Saturday last she went with the Emperor to the popular theatre of the Porte St. Martin, famous for the splendor of its scenery and decorations, to see the new play called *Benvenuto Cellini*, in the course of which Melingue, who plays the part of the great artist, models on the stage a statue of Hebe, with a grace and skill that throws all Paris nightly into an enthusiasm of admiration. The Empress, whose curiosity was excited by this rapid and successful exhibition of the plastic art, expressed her wish to examine the statue which had just been modelled under her eyes. The artist-actor was accordingly summoned to the Imperial box, and received by the Emperor and Empress with the most flattering compliments.—The Empress having desired him to let her examine his Hebe, he observed to her very respectfully, that the statue was necessarily very roughly done, and, though showing pretty well upon the stage, was quite unworthy of the closer inspection of her illustrious optics. But while the artist was thus making his best bow and his excuses to the Empress, a messenger whom he had hastily dispatched to his house, came back, bringing with him a beautiful little copy of his Hebe, which he had already caused to be executed in bronze, and which the Empress "deigned to accept" with great affability and satisfaction.

Another story with regard to the Empress's visit to one of the minor theatres is also going the rounds, according to which her Majesty, about ten days ago, went to the Ambigu-Comique, unexpected, and attended only by one of her ladies. The theatre in question is quite without the pale of the *beau-monde*, and is in fact attended by rather a rowdy set of customers. The Empress, who dearly loves to amuse herself, and who is no doubt often weary enough of the etiquette of the Court, probably thought that her going there would not only be a diversion for herself, but would also be considered as a compliment by the "small folk," who frequent this theatre. But it appears that the "small folk" thought otherwise, and were not at all pleased at so unceremonious an intrusion into their haunts; and accordingly, when the Empress and her attendant entered their box, the whole pit struck up in chorus "*Cordieu!* madame, what are you come to do here?" (being a verse in a song out of a comic play called "*The Sieur de Framboisy*," which has been the rage here for some time past, and which all the *gamins* of Paris have been singing till the rest of the world are sick of it,) whereupon her Majesty, horrified and disconcerted at such a reception, beat an instantaneous retreat, and disappeared, followed by her attendant, without having even taken her seat. For the correctness of this story, however, I would not undertake to vouch; all I can say is, that I have it from a respectable young man who declares that he was present on the occasion, and joined in the song.

The great question which agitates the interior of the Tuileries at this moment regards the administration, or non-administration of chloroform to the Empress on the approaching occasion. Queen Victoria, to whom it was administered with excellent effect at the birth of her last two children, is understood to have urged its use very warmly on the Emperor during her visit, and has offered the services of Mr. Leslie, her surgeon, who would come over here to administer the potent agent in person. The Emperor wishes it to be given; the French doctors oppose the idea, as usual; for though the French are more eccentric than any other people in matters of theory, they are also more intensely and obstinately addicted to old routine in all matters of practice; and though the head surgeon of the army of the Crimea has lately published an official statement setting forth that "chloroform has been used out there in 25,000 cases, and with uniform success," the practitioners here still stigmatize its employment as "dangerous," and in many cases refuse to administer it to their patients.

"I don't wonder the French doctors think chloroform *dangerous*," remarked an English physician here a few days ago, "for they give it in doses that would kill a horse."

Dr. Simpson, of Edinbro', who first employed this agent in obstetric cases, and who has used it many thousands of times, has never yet found any injurious effect from its employment in a single case of this nature.

The city of Paris has decided on presenting a cradle to the Emperor and Empress, and the offering, destined to surpass in splendor and beauty the famous cradle of the King of Rome, of which I gave a description in a former letter, is already in course of preparation by several of the first artists of Paris.

Rachel's brother, and the *troupe* of actors and actresses he took out to America, have returned to Paris; but the report of the return of *La Grande* herself turns out to be premature. Her American tour is understood to have been a losing concern. Before she left Paris she remarked to a friend who was doing his best to dissuade her from the step, "There is a million of money belonging to me dispersed in a number of American pockets. I am going to take possession of this million." In this case, however, the great actress seems to have counted without her host. Rachel's disgust and jealousy at the success of Ristori was undoubtedly the predominating motive of her sudden departure; she was angry with the Parisians, and wished to punish them by her absence. But her anger has had but little effect; and her ignominious return will not enhance her reputation. Meantime, la Ristori is an established favorite here. She is engaged by the French theatre for the coming Spring; and Rachel must now consent to share her throne with her excellent and admirable rival, as admirable in private life as on the stage. Ristori's return, at the head of an Italian company, is definitively announced for the 5th of March. She will play here from that date until the 25th of May.

Not less than 1,500 arrests have taken place in this city, on various pretexts, during the last month. None of the journals are allowed to allude to these occurrences. One marvels how long such a state of things can last.

A magnificent new pianist, M. de la Nux, a French Creole from the Mauritius, has lately made his debut here, and has excited the greatest enthusiasm among those who have heard him. He is a pupil of Rosenhain and Shalberg; and will assuredly take his place among the few great masters—and mistresses—of the piano, some half-dozen in all, who have the privilege of electrifying the public whenever they deign to make their appearance.

An unusual degree of activity is remarked just now among the counsellors of the Pope. Not only is there a vast deal of confabulation going on among them with regard to the proposed canonization of Marie-Christine of Sicily,—daughter of Victor Emmanuel II. of Sardinia, and first wife of King Bomba—but certain changes are to be introduced into the Constitution of the Cardinalate, in virtue of which this high dignity of the Romish Church may be held by ecclesiastics of other than Italian origin. Among a batch of new Cardinals soon to be named, is the young abbe Bonaparte, son of Lucien, a great favorite with the Emperor, and who is to be attached to the Emperor's household as Grand Almoner. The streets of Rome are also being paved in some of the quarters; and a project is on foot for lighting the Eternal City with gas, much to the satisfaction of its Anglo-Saxon visitors.

Some uneasiness is naturally felt here at the menacing aspect of affairs between England and the United States; but the general conviction appears to be, as is the case in England also, that a war between two nations so closely connected by blood, by language, and by interest, that it could scarcely be justified by any imaginable conjunction of circumstances, would be, in view of the flimsy and contemptible pretexts on which the present imminence of rupture is made to hang, a crime and an absurdity too monstrous to be entered upon by either party. Therefore, though watching with interest, and even with some anxiety, for the next steps in the affair, and even speculating as to what France would do for wheat if the supplies from your country were cut off by a collision between the two great maritime powers, the public, as across the channel, are rather irritated against the foolish blundering of the agents of both the Governments, than seriously apprehensive of a conflict between two nations who have no earthly reason for going to war, but, on the contrary, every possible inducement to keep on terms of friendly intimacy and mutual goodwill.

A tunnel between France and England, a railroad through Switzerland to Italy, the canal through the isthmus of Suez, a telegraph line presenting an unbroken line from London and the other western capitals through Turkey and India to Melbourne, a line from Ireland to the United States, the drying of the Pontine marshes, and other projects as sublimely audacious yet as simply practicable as these, are only awaiting the return of peace to be put into operation. When it is remembered that these, and thousands of other ameliorations imperatively called for by the general needs of the world, are a mere question of money and labor, the monstrous waste and folly of war become evident to the dullest comprehension. In the struggle now, let us hope, happily terminating in the East, England has spent five hundred millions of dollars, and lost fifty thousand men; France, the same sum, and one hundred thousand men; Russia two hundred and fifty millions, and two hundred and fifty thousand men; i. e. the world is a loser in hard cash, and the lives of its co-workers, to the tune of one thousand two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and of four hundred thousand men, without counting the losses of men and money of Turkey, Sardinia, and the inhabitants of the seat of war! Yet to cut through the isthmus of Suez, for example, according to the report of the International Commission just returned from making its surveys and preparing its plans, will cost but forty millions of dollars; and the temporary use of a less amount of bone and sinew than would be "done for" by the sword and the bullet in a single engagement!

What might not be accomplished by the combined science, strength, and resources of the world, if the various nations, instead of wasting their possibilities in mutual destruction, would once cordially set themselves, in obedience to the dictates of religion and common sense, to the grand task of mutual assistance for the furtherance of the general good! QUANTUM.

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, during the past week, a Bill making an appropriation of $30,000 for the new fortifications at Galveston, Texas, was passed. Mr. Trumbull, of Ill., was decided eligible, on the ground that the U. S. Constitution prescribed the qualifications of Senators, and a State could not diminish or add to them. This decision affects the case also of the new Senator from Maryland.

On the 5th, Mr. Brown introduced a bill for the construction of a Railroad and Telegraph Line from a point on the Mississippi River, south of latitude 37, to the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco.

The bill grants about 40 millions of acres of land, for which the Company is to pay 50 cents per acre before obtaining a title, and also requires them to deposit half a million of dollars as security that they will faithfully carry out the work according to the provisions of the bill, and for the completion of one hundred miles within eighteen months. The Government to pay $1000 per mile for carrying the mail until the road is finished, and for ten years thereafter, and such reasonable sum as the Secretary of War may determine for carrying troops and munitions of war, &c. The road is to be forfeited if not built within ten years, and all the lands paid for to revert in that event to the United States.

The bill grants the right of way four hundred yards wide, but gives no exclusive privileges, allowing any Company to construct the roads, when and where they please, and obtain such favors from the Government as they can.

It was referred to the Committee on the Pacific Railroad. Mr. Weller said the Committee would endeavor to report next week.

The Senate then took up and passed the usual fortification bill. That providing for new works was postponed.

Mr. Sumner called up his resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to consider the expediency of some act of legislation, having the concurrence of both Houses, in order effectively to abrogate the treaty with Denmark, repudiating the payment of the Sound Dues. Passed.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on the 5th, Mr. Hickman, from the Committee on Elections, made a report, presenting the reasons for renewing their demands for authority to send for persons and papers in the Kansas contested election case. It starts out by representing that the allegation on the part of Gov. Reeder is, that the Legislature which passed the election law, under the provisions of which Gen. Whitfield was chosen, was imposed upon the people of the Territory by a foreign invading force, who seized upon the Government and have exercised it ever since, and that the people there are in a subjugated state. It then discusses the subject at length. Mr. Stephens also submitted an ably-written minority report. These reports have been the subject of discussion through several sessions—speeches being made by Messrs. Boyce, Bingham, Oliver, Cumback, Cullen and Walker.

ANOTHER LAURA BRIDGMAN.—A correspondent of the Detroit *Advertiser*, states that Abby A., a daughter of C. D. Dillaway, of Fall River, Massachusetts, is one of the wonders of the age. She is deaf, dumb and blind, her right limbs are paralyzed, she is confined to her bed, cannot be moved much without being thrown into a fit—yet she will converse fluently with the mute alphabet; writes very legibly with her left hand, reads common writing on a paper or slate, or print (if the book be not too much worn) by passing her fingers over the words. She will also distinguish the different colors of a variegated dress in the same way. She has wrought several pieces of crewel-work that would be a credit to any girl of her age, selecting and arranging all the colors by feeling and using only her hand. She plays draft and backgammon expertly. She knows when any one comes into the room by the jar of the bed, (on which she constantly lies,) and can in this way distinguish the different members of the family.

WEATHER IN FLORIDA.—Florida papers speak of the delightful spring weather, many of the earlier leaved trees being already clothed in living green. The Alligator Advertiser says:—"The cropping season is fast approaching, and our planters are getting ready for it. We saw a field of corn planted two weeks ago. The annual burning of the woods has just commenced, and in the upper part of the county the range is thoroughly burnt off.

OVER THE WAY.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

CHAPTER I.

I had no sooner settled in my new lodgings, than I discovered that a pretty girl lived over the way. I was, on the whole, tolerably well satisfied with my apartments, albeit one of the castors was off the leg of the sofa, and the horsehair protruded through the seat of the arm-chair, and the legs of the tongs were askew, and the bell-rope always came down by the run when I attempted to pull it; but, in consideration of the pleasant prospect from my window, I refrained from complaint. What was a ricketty sofa, an impracticable pair of tongs, or a dilapidated arm-chair, to a pretty girl over the way? It was on the day after I had taken possession that I made the discovery. Having disposed of my luggage, and arranged my books, I sat down at the window to take a look at my prospect. It was a narrow street, and I could not see far either way. I could just count a confectioner's, a tailor's, a gold-lacoman's, and a decorator's. The gold-laceman's was exactly opposite, and it was at the second floor window of his house that I discovered the pretty girl.—My apartments were on the second floor also; so the pretty girl and I sat at the same elevation.—The distance between us was about the length of a good sized drawing-room. As her pretty face, and neat, graceful figure arrested my gaze, I found that she was looking at me. Well, I was not bashful, and I looked at her. She was really a very nice girl, an interesting girl. She wore mourning. Her face was pale, and had a somewhat pensive expression, but she had beautiful, long, black eyelashes, gracefully-pencilled eyebrows, and her hand—her head was resting on it—was finely formed and delicately white. The gold-laceman below displayed the name of Blobb over his door. It was clear, therefore, that the delightful creature in the second floor could in no way be connected with him. It was not in the nature of things that so fair a flower should bear the horrid name of Blobb. I believe, if I had thought she was a Blobb, I should have drawn down my blind upon her forever. No poet could convince me that a rose could go by the name of Blobb and smell sweet. No, she was not a Blobb. Mrs. Blobb inhabited the first floor; I knew that the stout lady who sat occasionally at the first-floor windows was Mrs. Blobb, because the shiny bald head, which sat all the morning behind the wire blind in the gold-lace shop, went up stairs, and became visible at luncheon in the first floor at noon. Certainly, I admit the force of your observation, reader, she might not have been Mrs. Blobb for all that. But let me get rid of this horrid Blobb subject at once. The sway of the Blobb family did not extend to the second floor; the second floor may have paid rent to the Blobb family, or it may have owed it; but that was all.

I say, I sat looking at the interesting creature over the way, and the interesting creature over the way sat looking at me. I may as well tell you that I am not a bad-looking fellow; my hair curls, and I grow a decided mustache; I have a taste for waistcoats and velvet collars; my shirt-fronts—not "dickies," mind—are irreproachable; and my jewelry, ah, you should see my diamond studs! No matter, I am by no means a bad-looking fellow; and so I was not surprised when I found that the delightful creature over the way sat and looked at me; how could she do otherwise, indeed?

I don't know if you have observed it, but there is a strange and mysterious influence about a pane of glass. People do things behind a pane of glass which they would not do if there was no glass in the way. Little boys make faces at other like little boys in the street through the glass; gents, on the tops of omnibusses, nod and kiss their hands to chambermaids at the windows, and the chambermaids, not unfrequently, return the compliment. Now, neither the little boys, nor the gents, nor the chambermaids, would do these things in the open streets; it is the pane of glass which gives them daring; or, if you will, lends them impudence.

After sitting for some moments, complimenting the lovely creature opposite, I gave way to the influence of glass and smiled; she, almost immediately, smiled in return. Now, reader, I ask you, and I ask for information, if you smile out of a window, at an interesting young lady opposite, and she smiles at you in return, what do you make of it? Do you arrive at the conclusion, that you have been impertinent and she has been indiscreet? No, you do not; you don't think deeply about it at all, but you give yourself up to the impression, that the whole affair is very delightful. You resolve to smile again at that young lady, and you have a confident hope and expectation, that that young lady will smile again in return. Just so: after a brief interval I once more directed my gaze over the way. A second time our eyes met; for just a moment I contrived to suspend upon my features a becoming seriousness; the next instant my face broke into a smile. True as the needle to the pole, the curve of her delicately pencilled eyebrow quivered responsively, her great dark eyes became veiled by the long silken lashes, her mouth relaxed from the form of cupid's bow as if it had shot a dart, and a pretty dimple appeared on each cheek. She smiled, oh how sweetly!—To smile and drop our eyes was the work of an instant. I looked down to the ground floor opposite, and read the name of Blobb over the gold-laceman's. She, on her part, cast her pensive gaze to my side of the street, and probably read the name of Tucker over the cheese shop. Then I looked up again, then she looked up again; our eyes met and we smiled simultaneously. She rose hastily, still smiling, and with charming fretfulness of manner drew down her blind. In an instant I rose and drew down mine. The action on both sides seemed to say—"There, you rude fellow"—"There, you saucy minx!"

She did not draw up her blind again that day, and I did not draw up mine; but several times, on peeping out at a corner, I discovered her peeping out at a corner, too. Oh, it was delightful! charming! I could have found it in my heart to put new castors on the sofa, and restuff the arm-chair, at my own expense. I rolled into bed that night delighted with my lodgings; and, in the course of a few hours, I had become as thoroughly reconciled to "six-pence a scuttle for coals," as if I never intended to pay for them.

CHAPTER II.

I could not get a wink of sleep. That was not owing to the bed, but to the girl over the way. Her image, window, and all, were so indelibly fixed upon my eye, that, even with my head under the clothes, I saw her as plainly as when I sat gazing at her from my window. Not even the absurdity of picturing a house-front and a pretty girl at a window under the bed-clothes could turn the current of my thoughts and dispel the sleep-forbidding vision. When a person asserts, that he did not get a wink of sleep the preceding night, the statement should always be received, as the newspapers say, "with caution." Such assertions require qualification. Although I was not aware of having fallen asleep, I was perfectly sensible, next morning, of awaking, and of having had a dream. I dreamed that there was a plank-bridge between my window and the one over the way, and that I saw the girl of the window coming across it in her night-dress, her eyes shut, and with a bed-room candle in her hand, for all the world like Amina in the *Somnambula*. Just as she was within a step or two of my window, the plank, with the usual perversity of all the planks which figure in dreams, gave way, and precipitated my expected armful into the abyss below. I say, the "abyss below," as being an expression suited to the awful and imposing nature of the occurrence; but I mean that the young lady fell into the street. An *eclaircissement* of this kind in the land of dreams usually finishes the story. Dreams, like the legitimate drama, never go the length of picking up the body, or holding a "crowner's 'quest." The moment that Richard and Macbeth fall, down comes the curtain. When the dreamer loses his footing and slips from the top of a precipice, he awakes. So, instead of rushing down into the street to assist the neighbors with the body, I rubbed my eyes, yawned, and cried, "Come in!" to the girl with the shaving-water. How shall I describe the state of fluttering expectation, in which, after having carefully performed my toilet, and partaken of breakfast, I advanced to draw up the blinds of my sitting-room windows? How can I give any idea? But, no, I will not attempt it. Suffice it, that I did draw up my blinds, and that, after making a feint of looking up the street, and down the street, and over at Blobb's shop-front, I, at length, raised my eyes, as if by mere chance, to the second-floor windows. There she was in her old place, her pretty head resting upon her lily-white hand, and looking even more charming than when I first saw her. I assure you I had not the least intention of doing anything absurd or silly that morning; but my eyes no sooner met the gaze of the black pair over the way, than my face relaxed into a visible smile. So did hers. She absolutely laughed and showed her teeth—and very pretty teeth they were. I am afraid there is a vast amount of corruption in a smile. It is the first step in the road to——to what? Well, I will not commit myself by saying to what. Only it strikes me that the first smile is like the first throw at the gambling table, or the first bet on the turf. The result all depends upon the response. If the thrower wins, he tries again, and goes on, step by step, until he becomes a gambler. If a young man smiles at a strange young lady, and the strange young lady smiles back again at him, they will smile again, and then they will nod, and then they will go out walking together, and then,—in fact, when two young persons begin to smile at each other, there is no knowing where the matter will end.

Day after day the young lady over the way appeared at her accustomed place, and day after day I sat down opposite to her. From smiles we got to nods, and from that to making signs, and from that again to pasting up sentences on the window-panes with letters cut out of writing-paper. This was rather difficult; and my first attempt proved a failure, the letters being placed without regard to their appearance from the outside, thus:

"*Will you go for a walk?*"

Being written so on my side of the window, of course, it appeared to a person on the other side thus:

"*I klaw a rof og noy lliW*"

This plan being found impracticable, I suggested the deaf and dumb alphabet, which I had learned at school for the convenience of "telling" and "being told" at lessons. Luckily, she knew that, and, by the aid of its signs, we got on tolerably well. I immediately signalled across—

"Will you go for a walk?"

She shook her head, and signed "no."

Whereupon I threw as much persuasion into my fingers as they were capable of, and signed, "Do, please."

"No!" again, with a playful shake of the head.

I signalled once more, "Do, dear!"

She sent back, "Fie! for shame!"

This sort of thing was really delightful! and I was enjoying it thoroughly, when our mute conversation was cut short, by the appearance of the young lady's mother, a rather aged lady in widow's weeds, who came up where she was sitting, and appeared to wonder what her daughter was "up to." It was lucky that the old lady's vision was rather impaired, as I inferred from her spectacles, else, had she cast a glance over the way, she might have suspected what her daughter was up to. Presently, the coast being clear, we resumed our conversation.

I implored her to accompany me for a walk in the park.

"Well, she would."

"Oh, thank you!"

"But I must promise one thing."

"What was that?"

"That I should not speak to her, nor expect her to speak, all the while."

"No, no, no?"

"Then she wouldn't go."

"Well, I will—I will promise."

"Very good."

"When should I meet her?"

"In the evening at six o'clock."

"Where?"

"At the end of the street."

Here she drew down her blind, and disappeared from my view. I will not dwell upon the rapturous expectation of that afternoon. I ate no dinner; I could not rest for a moment in a place; I was all in a flutter. I was constantly going to the window to see if she had returned to her seat, but I was as constantly disappointed. That afternoon I determined to put an end to my miserable existence—I mean as a bachelor. I resolved to snap asunder the chain which bound me to a "penny-a-pair-boot-cleaning," and "sixpence a scuttle for coals." I resolved to abandon lodgings; to emancipate myself from the thraldom of landladies, to get a house of my own, take up a tally-bill for furniture, and marry the young lady over the way.

CHAPTER III.

At the appointed moment, indeed earlier, I was at the end of the street. The hour struck; five minutes passed, and I was still waiting. Let me observe upon the peculiarities of the situation. My own experience leads me to believe that, at any time during the day, there is a person waiting for some other person at the end of every street in the town. I never waited at the end of a street for any length of time, but I always found some one waiting there also. Indeed, I have had pretty females run up to me and hold out their hands, under the impression that I was "dear Charles;" whereas I wasn't. I have found, too, that waiting at the end of a street, no matter what degree of respectability you present, attracts the notice of policemen, who are clearly of opinion that you are meditating a burglary on the house opposite. I have noticed that saucy work-girls, going home from work, are tempted to say, "What, ain't she come?" as they pass; and that little boys are encouraged by your situation to ask, "Who's your hatter?" All this, and a great deal more besides, I had to endure at the end of that street before my fair one appeared in view. At length she came, daintily holding up her petticoats out of the mud, and disclosing a foot and ankle of surpassing neatness. I am not ashamed to say that her pretty foot, encased, as it was, in the neatest of kid boots, absorbed for the moment the whole of my admiration. The kit-kat picture of the window was now a full-length.—What a charming picture! what elegance! what grace of carriage! Need I say that I ran with rapture to meet this lovely creature? that I forgot, in the delirium of the moment, the propriety which becomes the open street, and shook her by both hands, over and over again; that I only restrained myself from imprinting a kiss on her soft cheek by a violent and desperate effort.

"How do you do? I hope you are quite well, my dear Miss ——, pardon me,—but I have not yet the pleasure of knowing your name. What shall I say, Miss?—"

I waited, expecting her to supply the required information; but she uttered not a word; she merely put her finger on her lips and slyly shook her head. I had forgotten my promise; I was not to expect her to speak; nay, I had promised not to speak to her. Confound it! thought I, I don't like this at all.

"Do, do!" I implored; "release me from this hateful promise, and let me hear the music of thy voice!"

She took no more notice of me than if she had not heard a word I said; and I could only conclude that she was very strong-minded, and meant to adhere to her bargain. So I offered her my arm.

"Whither shall we go?"

No answer.

"Shall we stroll into the Park?"

Still no answer.

How ridiculous! how provoking! Not a word could I get from her. At length I thought of our window medium of communication, and signed to her on my fingers—

"Shall we go into the Park?"

"Yes, if you please," she replied.

"Why will you not speak?"

"Remember your promise," she returned.

I have found it hard enough, in my time, to bear a woman's talk; but really, in this case, I found a woman's silence doubly irksome. I could have borne "nagging," rather than this provoking reserve. Presently I led her to a secluded seat shaded by a clump of trees; for I felt the awkwardness of making dumb show in the public walk. We could now talk without interruption. Provoking and tantalizing as I felt her silence to be, I confess that the mysteriousness of her behaviour enhanced the charm which her lovely face and figure exercised upon me. My heart beat quick, and created a nameless sensation of pleasure within my breast; my blood danced with joy. I was suffused, as it were, with an ecstacy of delight.

"Tell me," I said, (on my fingers,) "your name?"

"My name?" she replied; "'tis a stupid, common name; my name is Eliza."

"Eliza!" I exclaimed, "my dear Eliza! and what else?"

She said, "Baker."

"Eliza Baker," I repeated; "it is a charming name!"

"Do you think so?"

"I do."

She asked mine; and I gave her my card. She looked at it, smiled sweetly, and put the pasteboard in her bosom. Encouraged by the act, I seized both her hands with passionate ardor, and poured forth my soul thus:

"Dearest Eliza Baker, from the first moment that I saw you at yonder window, I loved you. The fire of your eyes has kindled a flame within me, which threatens to consume me utterly. Your sweet smile has led me, a willing slave, into captivity. I am yours, my dearest Eliza; yours forever. Oh, deign, queen of my soul, my adored Eliza, to say, in return, that you are mine?"

No answer.

"Eliza!" I repeated, passionately, "Eliza Baker!"

No answer.

"Confound it!" I exclaimed; "dash it! d—n it!"

Not even this profane ebullition could betray her into uttering a word. I thought "d—n it" would have done it; but I was mistaken. It was clear that profane swearing did not shock her. I resorted once more to my fingers.

"Dear Eliza!"

"Am I dear?"

"Oh, yes, I love you."

"Nonsense!"

"Hear me swear!"

"No, don't; it's naughty!"

"Well, it is; but I love you!"

"Do you?"

"Oh, yes, as my life!"

"And will you love me always?"

"Always."

"And bear with me?"

"Oh, yes, yes, forever. Say, then, will you be mine?"

She paused for a moment, holding down her head modestly; and then, raising her sweet eyes to my face, she signed:

"You must ask my mother."

"Let us go at once."

"No, no, not to-day; you must come to-morrow to tea."

"At what hour?"

"At five."

"I will."

EXTERIOR OF A GREENLANDER'S HUT.

The shades of evening gathering about the scene, now warned us to depart. I escorted her home to her mother's door, and took my leave, brimful of happiness. To-morrow she would unseal her lips, and say, (her mamma consenting,) "I am yours."

As my landlady entered with my breakfast-tray next morning, I observed that she had some difficulty in preserving the gravity of her countenance. More than once she turned her back upon me and tittered. The servant, who came in by-and-bye to sweep up the hearth, tittered also, and appeared to be immensely tickled at something or other. I did not take much notice of this at the time, but on going to the window to see if my charmer was in her accustomed seat, I found Blobb staring up at me with a grin on his face. Presently Mrs. Blobb appeared at her window, cast her eyes across at me, smiled, and turned away as if to hide her merriment.

"Confound the people! What are they all grinning at? Not at me, at any rate; so let them grin."

Arrayed in my most gorgeous attire, and punctual to the appointed moment, I was on the steps of the house over the way, pulling the second-floor bell. While waiting for admittance, I happened to cast my eyes up to my own windows.—What did I see? My landlady at one window, and her servant at the other, both intently watching me, and grinning horribly; there was Blobb, too, looking over his wire blind, and grinning; there was Tucker grinning through a pyramid of cheeses; there were the grocer's men grinning all of a row behind the counter. I was getting terrifically angry, when the door opened, and I beheld an old lady in widow's weeds in the passage. It was Eliza's mother.

"Mrs. Baker, I believe," I said, with insinuating politeness.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Baker."

"Ah, how do you do, Mrs. Baker? I hope you are quite well?"

"Well, not very well, sir; I am rather subject to the rheumatism, d'you see, and—"

"Ah, the rheumatics; yes, I can fully sympathize with you, for I have had the rheumatics myself, ma'am; but how is Miss Baker? I have called to see her; I take a great interest in your daughter, Mrs. Baker—in fact I—"

"Yes, sir; a good many gentlemen do take an interest in her."

"The deuce they do!" thought I.

"Will you walk up stairs and see her?" said the old lady.

I complied, and was ushered into their apartment.

"Take a chair, sir, she'll be here presently, she is just gone to dress."

I did so, rather puzzled what to make of "the interest which a good many people took in Miss Baker." It was not at all a pleasant idea, and I questioned the old lady respecting it.

"You said, I think, ma'am, that a good many gentlemen took an interest in your daughter?"

"Yes, sir; I am happy to say that that is the case. Mr. Thompson, the surgeon, is particularly attentive to her, and Mr. Jones, the curate, comes to see her twice a week regularly."

"Confound the fellows!" thought I; "it is like their impudence. Thompson, the surgeon, is bad enough, but Jones, the curate, coming twice a week, is not to be tolerated. I shall pull Jones the curate's nose, the first time I meet him!"

I turned to the old lady with indignation in my eye, and said:

"And do you encourage this sort of thing, ma'am? What do you expect of Thompson, ma'am, or of Jones, the curate, ma'am? Do you expect that Thompson will—"

"Yes, sir; he said he would, and Mr. Jones promised to support her and get her in."

"Get her in!" I repeated, in a tone of alarm, "get her in where?"

"Into the asylum, sir!"

"Asylum?" I exclaimed, frantically, almost choking with consternation; "what do you mean? explain yourself—do you mean a mad-house, madam, do you mean Bedlam?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir; I mean the Deaf and Dumb Asylum."

"Good heavens, madam! you don't mean to say that your daughter—you don't, surely, mean to assert that Eliza—that Eliza Baker is deaf and dumb?"

"Dear me, didn't you know that?" said the old lady. "I thought you had come to help Mr. Thompson and Mr. Jones to get her in.—Deaf and dumb—more's the pity, poor thing!—from her birth!"

My jaw dropped, my eyes assumed a fixed stare, and I sat glaring at the old lady like one who saw a ghost. I grew faint, my brain reeled, and I gasped for breath. At length I stammered out:

"Madam, brandy, for Heaven's sake!"

She rushed to the cupboard, poured out a glassful, and handed it to me; I swallowed the liquor at a gulp.

"Do you feel ill, sir?" said the old lady, with alarm on her countenance.

"Thank you, madam, I feel better; a sudden faintness, nothing of consequence. If you will permit me, I will wish you good evening; I will not stay to see Miss Baker at present—another time—ah, good evening, ma'am, good evening." With that I seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and out of the house.

On entering my own apartments, I was provoked to discover my landlady and the servant tittering on the stairs.

"Mrs. Badger," I said, in an angry tone, "I wish to speak with you; come into my room."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mrs. Badger, what is all this tittering about? What have you and your servant been grinning about all day long, like—like a pair of Cheshire cats, eh?"

During this interrogation, Mrs. Badger had been pressing her apron against her mouth, and when I finished, she fairly burst out laughing.

"Mrs. Badger, I say, what *does* this mean?"

"Oh—oh, sir, I can't—I can't help it; I really ought to have told you about her. And on she went again laughing.

"About *her*, Mrs. Badger! what do you mean, what *her*?"

"Oh, sir, the girl over the way."

"The girl over the way! what of her?"

"She's deaf and dumb, sir, and—"

"I know that, Mrs. Badger."

"And—and she's rather silly, sir."

"Indeed, Mrs. Badger."

"Yes, sir, she makes love to all the young men in the street."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, she's made love to five of my second-floor lodgers, and they've all left me in consequence."

"Very well, Mrs. Badger, and I shall make the sixth that has left you *in consequence*. I gave you warning, Mrs. Badger; there is your rent, and now send the girl for a cab."

Within an hour I had cleared out of Mrs. Badger's second floor, and was speeding along in a four-wheeled cab, in company with my luggage, whither, I knew not.

One thing I had resolved upon—and let me offer it as the moral of this history—for the future NEVER TO MAKE SERIOUS LOVE TO A GIRL OVER THE WAY.

THE MALAKOFF MARSEILLAISE.

(The fact stated in the text, though hushed up as much as possible by the Government, was mentioned in Paris by the soldiers lately returned from the Crimea. After their repulses before the Malakoff, the troops demanded the Marseillaise air, and the General did not venture to refuse them, at such a moment. The bands played the tune; and the soldiers, under Bosquet and Mac Mahon, took the place.)

Three times the Frenchmen charged, with cheers, to win the Malakoff;
Three times they rolled in tumult down, and heard the Russian scoff.
What's to be done? their hearts grow cold, that *Vive l'Empereur*,
Falls faint and dead—a broken spell, a battle-cry no more!
Ah, one there was—remembered still—of glory's brighter days—
They murmur, they pronounce a name—that name, the Marseillaise!—
From man to man
The whisperings ran:
"Long live the Marseillaise!"

The murmur grows; they talk aloud: "Our fathers' song!" they cry,
"Heard round their lovely tricolor in the gallant times gone by;
O'er battle-fields and battered walls they sung it, marching free
From the Alps and the Pyrenees, all round, to the rolling Zuyder Zee.
We'd try the conquering charm, this day, and, though its port-holes blaze,
We'll give you that bloody Malakoff—but give us the Marseillaise!"
Says a brown Zouave:
"My Chief, let us have
One touch of the Marseillaise!"

Grave looks the stout Pelissier, when he hears that startling word,
Says, "Nonsense! Go!" but well I know his Frenchman's heart was stirred;
"Those English fly from yon Redan; they're quashed, and, on my soul,
Unless I win our Malakoff, good-bye, Sebastopol!
Well, form them, in God's name, afresh, and let the bands," he says,
"If they've recovered wind enough, lead off the Marseillaise!
What can I say?
'Tis our Frenchmen's way;
So, sound their Marseillaise!"

'Twas done; Zouaves and voltigeurs, and soldiers of the line,
Chimed in with the old Republic's March—the war-song of the Rhine—
And then the charge—the last, wild charge! down tumbles Bosquet bold;
Heaven rest the dead—on, soldiers, on! Mac Mahon's in the hold!
Ne'er sung that air to nobler feat, through battle's fiery haze;
Well may the Czar, and his men of war, lament the Marseillaise!
Says Gortschakoff
"'Tis time to be off—
They're singing the Marseillaise!"

Brave song, be heard, all undeterred, as omen and a sign,
Beyond the despot's guarded camp, beyond the leaguering line;
Lend yet a wider, worthier strife—a mightier fortress far,
Against our manner still holds out, on the deadly heights of war;
And sound again, bold melody for trembling millions raise
The fast, victorious rallying-cry—the national Marseillaise!
Once more advance
In the onward, France,
To the roar of thy Marseillaise!

—*Putnam's Monthly.*

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S HUNTING DIARY!—A correspondent of a contemporary says a book is shortly to be published by Colonel Rawlinson, upon further discoveries he has made:—"He found Nebuchadnezzar's hunting diary, with notes, and portraits of his dogs, sketched by himself, with his name under them. He mentions in it having been ill, and while he was delirious, he thought he had been turned out to graze like the beasts of the field. Is this not a wonderful corroboration of Scripture? Rawlinson also found a pot of preserves in an excellent state, and gave some to the Queen to taste. How little Nebuchadnezzar's cook dreamt, when making them, that twenty-five centuries after the Queen of England would eat some of the identical preserves that figured at her master's table!"

A GREENLAND HUT.

(SEE ENGRAVINGS.)

In 1636 a Greenland company fitted out two ships and commenced the Greenland trade, which is now carried on by Denmark as a royal monopoly. Seven or eight ships annually go out to the west coast of Greenland, supplying the natives with European productions, and bringing home valuable cargoes of oil and skins. Settlements have been established along the coast, and missionaries sent out, who have succeeded in converting the natives to Christianity without oppressing them. Amongst themselves the Greenlanders have no chiefs or laws; unrestrained freedom exists. Wars and quarrels are unknown amongst them; and even the children, as soon as they can walk, have perfect liberty to act as they like, and what is more remarkable this general liberty is not accompanied by license. More peaceable people cannot anywhere be found.

The seal supplies them with food, raiment, and covering for their skin-boats. In the winter they live in huts built of stones and turf, lined inside with old skins. These huts are lighted and warmed by a lamp placed in front of each sleeping-bench, of which there are from three to six or more in each hut. Our sketches represent the exterior and interior of one of these huts. In summer they pitch their skin-tents in some spot up the fiords where fish is abundant: here they dry their fish and seal-flesh for their winter provision.

Greenland may be considered as a continent of ice, the sea-coast of which thaws only in the summer. The appearance of the coast and fiords is one of sublime desolation: icebergs in vast numbers surround it, and make the temperature exceedingly cold, even in the summer. In this season myriads of mosquitoes cause a severe annoyance. Mr. Taylor states, for the benefit of travellers who may be subjected to their truly maddening bites, that all the irritation may be speedily removed by washing the bite with a lotion composed of two grains of bichloride of mercury to the ounce of water.

Boat travelling among the icebergs is not without danger; rotten icebergs frequently fall in pieces with the slightest concussion. One of the native boats, some years since, was passing one of these, when a child merely struck against the side of an iceberg with a stick; this slight blow was sufficient, the loose masses became detached, the iceberg lost its balance, toppled over, fell into pieces, and destroyed the boat and its hapless crew, composed of women, by whom only these boats are rowed; a Greenlander, in his kajak (canoe) alone escaped to relate the tragic occurrence.

GERMAN ALL OVER.—Professor Joachim says: "A long period of inactivity enfeebles the body, and brings on sickness; it has therefore been recommended that students should at intervals whirl round a brass ball in their hands till they were tired. But in this sort of exercise, a deal of time is lost; I have therefore devised a better plan. I sew up in my inside garments pieces of lead, cut up into very minute fragments, and so heavy that I can with difficulty lift the entire mass with both hands. I put it on early in the morning, and I find my strength of body just about equal to the burden. Of course, I take care that the lower part of the spine be not weighted beyond its strength. This I continue for eight days, or thereabouts, until my limbs become sufficiently braced up by the exertion." What an idea! But it is German all over.

Useful Receipts.

EASY METHOD OF BREAKING GLASS.—Dip a piece of worsted thread into spirits of turpentine; wrap it round the glass in the direction that you require it to be broken, and then set fire to the thread; or apply a red-hot wire round the glass, and if it does not immediately crack, throw cold water on it whilst the wire remains hot.

ALUM CRYSTALS.—Make a small basket, about the size of your hand, of iron wire or split willow; take some lamp-cotton, untwist it, and wind it round every portion of the basket. Then mix alum, in the proportion of one pound to a quart of water, and boil till the alum is dissolved. Pour the solution into a deep pan, and in the liquor suspend the basket, without allowing any part of it to touch the pan, or to be exposed above the surface. Let the whole remain properly at rest for twenty-four hours; when, if you take out the basket, the alum will be found prettily crystalized over all the ends of the cottoned frame.

TEA HAIR-WASH.—An infusion of tea, when not too strong, is said to be very useful in preventing the hair falling off. The best plan is to pour boiling water on the leaves after they have been used for a meal. In ten or twelve hours it may be drawn off, and placed in a bottle for use as required. A tablespoonful of any perfumed spirits may be added to every half-pint of the wash. It should be applied to the scalp with a piece of sponge, or a very soft brush. A little glycerine mixed with it answers the purpose of oil; its offensive smell is corrected by the perfumed spirits.

STOVE PIPES.—Linseed oil laid upon stove pipes when warm (not hot) and kept at a low temperature five or six hours, will impart a fine lustre. One gill will serve for half-a-dozen joints.

ROUGH LIPS.—We can recommend the following means for keeping lips smooth. Get a lemon and having cut it into two parts, rub therewith the lips frequently daily, and more particularly before exposure to the open air.

EVERTON TOFFIE.—For a good Everton toffie take one pound and a-half of brown sugar, three ounces of butter, a teacupful and a-half of water and one lemon. Boil the sugar, butter, water and half the rind of the lemon together, and when sufficiently done—which will be known by dropping into cold water, when it should be quite crisp—let it stand aside until the boiling has ceased, and then stir in the juice of the lemon. Butter a dish and pour it in, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The fire must be quick, and the toffie stirred all the time.

A BAKED STEW.—Cut some beef in thin slices, roll or beat it as for a pie, season well, slice some onions thin, scald them, and stew them among the meat; also dust a little flour over the meat, lay it in a pie-dish, fill up the dish with potatoes and half-fill it with water. Bake an hour or more according to the size of the dish. If the flavor of the onions be objected to, they may be left out.

CRACKERS.—Half a teacup of shortening, three teacups of cold water, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and nearly five quarts of flour. Rub the shortening, soda, cream of tartar and salt well into the flour, then wet up with the water—the dough will be very stiff, needs no pounding; but extra kneading. Cut out, prick and bake in a quick oven. Said to be an excellent receipt.

For the Ladies.

HOW WE TREAT OUR FEET.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

Looking, a short time since, at a statue representing a Roman lady, my attention was attracted to her feet, on which she wore shoes nearly resembling those now in use. They were somewhat clumsy, it is true, for the Roman shoemaker did not possess the art of our sons of Crispin, of moulding the upper leather to the shape of the foot, but laid it over, where necessary, in a fold, and so joined it to the sole, which was in this case at least half an inch thick. It was easy to perceive that the Roman ladies were not more accustomed to pinch their feet than their waists, and that they were content to let both retain the shape given to them by nature. I could not help contrasting the easy, clumsy-looking Roman shoes with the neat but artificially-formed productions of a fashionable shoemaker. Surely, I thought, corns and bunions must have been unknown in those days of foot-freedom.

And why should we have these deformities and inconveniences now? Simply because the shoes are not made the shape of the feet, and because we endeavor to confine the latter in a case which is too small for them. First, let us discuss the faults in the form. Although every one is aware that the two sides of the foot are not alike, yet few are cognizant that the inside boundary lines of each foot form nearly a straight line from the heel to the great toe, especially when the foot is pressed upon the ground. This woodcut represents an outline of the foot of an infant before it could walk, and, consequently, which had never borne the weight of the body. The toes, never having been subjected to pressure, are nearly straight, and the three larger ones are almost of the same length. The square outline of the end of the foot is especially remarkable.

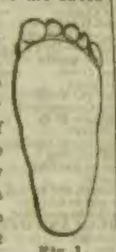

Fig. 1

As long as the infant remains in arms, the shape of its foot is preserved; but as soon as it begins to walk, and the assistance of the shoemaker is called in, it is thought necessary to *improve* the shape of the foot by forcing it into shoes which are too narrow for it. The next cut represents the sole of a young lady's shoe, for the right foot. It is of medium proportions. The real length is nine and a half inches, the extreme breadth at the tread, parallel with the ball of the foot, is two inches and one eighth, just one-eighth of an inch wider than the foot at the heel! Every one knows that these are not the proportions of a foot, which is always considerably broader across the toes than across the heels. This is clearly perceptible even in the infant's foot, in which the relative breadth of these parts is as twenty-one to thirty-one, or nearly one-third more. As, however, the shoe must cover the foot, additional space is given in the upper leather, which, of course, hangs considerably over the sole. In order, also, to diminish the apparent breadth of the foot, the shoe is made to extend in length full three-fourths of an inch beyond the toes. The immediate effect of the narrow shoe is to press the toes firmly together; the ulterior, to change the direction of the toes and occasion corns and bunions. Let us consider, now, the change induced in the shape of the foot by the compression of the toes.

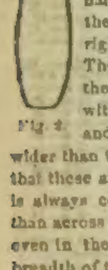

Fig. 2

When the naked foot is firmly planted on the ground, as in walking, the toes separate, especially the first and second, and by extending the base of support, give additional firmness to the position. This will be apparent from the woodcut representing the foot of the Venus de Medicis.* Here the toes are actually used in the support of the body. The inside line of the shoe should be nearly a straight line, to allow for this expansion of the toes, which, in a fashionable shoe, is impossible. It will also be seen that the foot is considerably wider across the toes than it is across the instep, which, in its turn, is wider than the heel. It is almost unnecessary to remark that these proportions have not been observed in the shoe, the sole of which is engraved in Fig. 2. It is by no means uncommon to see a lady's foot, in a fashionable boot, much wider across the instep than the toes. Let us now consider the consequences of the compression of the toes into the small space provided for them by fashion.

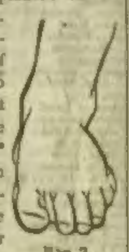

Fig. 3.

When the toes are pressed together by the shoe, they not only ride one over the other, and thus occasion corns and crooked nails, but the direction of the bone of the great toe is altered by the ends being forced closer together; the joint becomes enlarged, and a bunion, with its pain and deformity, supervenes. The next engraving of a foot, which has worn a shoe, will illustrate this. Fig. 4 represents the sole; Fig. 5, the upper part, showing the direction assumed by the toes. The foot is free from corns, and in other respects is well-formed. The reader who would avoid these deformities, should rigidly examine the shape of *her* own feet, and if the direction of the first toe is changed, should lose no time in endeavoring to restore it to its former position. In youth or middle age, when the distortion is not excessive or of long standing, this may be easily done by placing between the toes a lump of wool sufficiently thick to force the toe to resume its original position. By constantly keeping the wool there, and attending to the shape of the shoe, the toe will at last recover its proper place, and the enlargement of the joint will not be so apparent, neither will it increase. The same ample means may be adopted to restore the other toes to their normal shape. If corns should be formed, the most effective cure is to be found in the application of a circular disk of felted wool or of cotton with a hole in the middle to receive the corn. This may be purchased at any chemist's. It is made to adhere by brushing one surface of the wool with a solution of isinglass or similar preparation. This relieves the corn by removing from it the pressure of the shoe; and, by persevering in this simple treatment, the corn will, in time, entirely disappear.

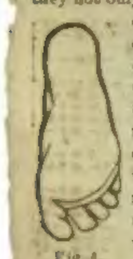

Fig. 4.

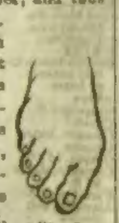

Fig. 5.

From these observations it will be seen that shoes which are cut very low in the quarter will spoil the shape of the foot. They will not keep on without the support of sandals, unless they are tolerably tight, and they cannot be tightened across the toes without compressing them and impeding the freedom of movement. Those shoes are best for the foot which cover the whole of it, and press equally, but not excessively, upon every part of it. The piece of elastic introduced near the instep was a valuable addition to the modern shoe. It were well if it could be carried all the way to the end of the toe.

In consequence of our mal-treatment, the nails frequently become deformed and sometimes grow into the flesh. The first care will be to preserve them from pressure; the next to remedy the deformity. When the flesh grows over the nails the proper course to pursue is, instead of cutting away the corners, to cut a notch in the centre of the nail, or to scrape it thin in the middle. Nature, then, in her efforts to remedy this accidental defect, promotes the growth of the nail in the central thin parts, and thus the extremities, which are imbedded in the flesh, are left to recover their former position. This simple and very ingenious plan has been found far more efficacious than removing the nail by a painful surgical operation.

Turning from the consideration of the toes to the heels, I have to notice another source of distortion, and one which it is feared may increase. I allude to the high heels which are now worn, and which formerly attained an altitude of four and a half inches. The reason why high heels are so injurious is evident. We do not require to be told that nature, when she finished the limbs supporting the weight of the body upon arches, intended us to rest in a general way equally, or when in movement alternately, upon both ends of the arch, namely, the toes and the heels. By this means the weight is equally sustained, and there is no stress upon either part in particular. But when the heel is raised, as in dancing, the equilibrium is disturbed, and the weight of the body is thrown forward constantly upon the toes. When these are thrust for a length of time into shoes, which, on the inside, form inclined planes, especially when the inclination is great, the sensation is extremely painful, for the weight of the body is thus made to rest on the toes, the muscles of the instep and front of the leg are also stretched, while those of the calves become permanently contracted. The high shoe, so thoughtlessly adopted, then becomes absolutely essential; for the wearer, once accustomed to them, cannot do without them. Let all persons of sense, then, abstain while it is yet time from following this very absurd and unbecoming fashion. The small additional height which it communicates to the figure does not surely compensate for the deformity which it induces.

In conclusion, then, let those who are desirous of preserving the perfect use of their feet and the purity of their form, give their serious attention to the subject. The remedies are in their own hands, and the results will amply repay the labor attendant on carrying out the suggestions I have ventured to make on this very important subject.

* The little toe is, in this foot, disproportionately short

LIONS AND LION HUNTING.

We know very little about lions, considering our centuries of observation, and the abundant examples on which that observation has been exercised; and the reason is that we have known the lion only in captivity, under very deceptive circumstances. Even travellers and naturalists, perfectly aware of the fact that he belongs to the feline race, describes him as if the broad daylight and not the stormy midnight, were his element; and because sometimes a traveller has found himself in daylight face to face with a half sleepy lion moving from his couch on account of the flies in the sun, and because this lion, in a state of beatific digestion, (having the night before devoured an ox,) does not smite the traveller to the earth, the idea of his magnanimity and generosity have become circulated, or because in this state he generally declines combat, especially if fired at, the idea of his cowardice has also gained acceptance. Had naturalists studied this majestic animal in the mountain gorges from twilight until dawn, had they watched him coming to drink at the stream, or in the forests when the moon has risen, or dashing among the tents when beef will not satisfy his epicurean taste eager for man's flesh—in a word, had they watched him, as Gerard has, rifle in hand, lonely, with the intense eagerness of a hunter whose life depends upon his minutest observation being accurate, we should have another conception of the lion from that to be derived from a study of books or an inspection of menageries. Jules Gerard, whom the French, with just pride, surname "Le Tueur de Lions," has given in his two works the results of his observations, and the recital of his encounters; works of fascinating interest, from which we propose to condense a few details.

Let us first sketch the story of the lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place towards the end of January. He has first to seek his wife; but as the males are far more abundant than the females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one of them does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation. The old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eye of the third. No sooner is the day won, and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious. An Arab perched in a tree one night, saw a lioness followed by a tawny lion, with full-grown mane; she lay down at the foot of the tree, the lion stopped on his path and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distinct growling of a lion which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously. The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband, for he marched towards her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post roaring defiance at his distant rival. This continued for about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness arose as if to go towards him. But her husband, guessing her intention, bounded towards his rival. The two crouched and sprang on each other, rolling on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, their cries of rage and agony rent the air, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off, quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted after her. This, Gerard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of Milady; whereas the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal attention.

Our lion then is married, let us say. He is the slave of his wife. It is she who always takes precedence; when she stops he stops. On arriving at a *douar* (the collection of tents—what we call a "village") for their supper, she lies down while he leaps into the enclosure, and brings to her the booty. He watches her while she eats, taking care that no one shall disturb her; and not until her appetite is satisfied does he begin his meal. When she feels that she is about to be a mother, *i. e.*, towards the end of December, they seek an isolated ravine, and there, without the aid of chloroform or Dr. Locock, she presents her lord with one, two, and sometimes three puppies, generally one male and one female. If the reader has ever seen and handled a puppy lion he will understand the idolatry of mother and father. She never quits them for an instant, and he only quits them to bring home supper. When they are three months old their weaning commences. The mother accustoms them gradually to it, by absenting herself for longer and longer periods, and bringing them pieces of mutton, carefully skinned. The father, whose habitual demeanor is grave, becomes fatigued by the frivolous sports of his children, and for the sake of tranquillity removes his lodging to a distance, within reach, however, to render assistance if required. At the age of four or five months the children follow their mother to the border of the forest, where the father brings them their supper. At six months old they accompany father and mother in all nocturnal expeditions. From eight to twelve months they learn to attack sheep, goats, and even bulls; but they are so awkward that they usually wound ten for one they kill; it is not till they are two years old that they can kill a horse or a bull with one bite. While their education is thus in progress, they are ten times more ruinous to the Arabs, since the family does not content itself with killing the cattle required for its own consumption, but kills that the children may learn how to kill. At three years old the children quit home and set up for themselves, becoming fathers and mothers in their turn. Their places are occupied by another brood. At eight years old the lion reaches maturity, and lives to thirty or forty. When adult he is a magnificent creature, very different in size, aspect, and disposition from the lions to be seen in menageries and zoological gardens—animals taken from the mother's breast, bred like rabbits, deprived of the fresh mountain air and ample nourishment. As an indication of the size attained by lions in a state of nature, we may cite the fact mentioned by Gerard, that the strongest man in the cavalry regiment, to which he belonged, was unable to carry the skin and head of the lion Gerard had killed.

It is quite clear, on comparing the works of Gerard and Gordon Cumming, that the lion of Northern Africa is a far more formidable enemy than the lion of Southern Africa. Not only does Cumming seem to have triumphed without difficulty, but he had to combat lions who ran away from dogs, and generally avoiding coming to blows with him. This is quite contrary to Gerard's experience. The lion of Northern Africa is but too ready to attack; hungry or not, the sight of an enemy rouses his fury at once; and as to cowardice, Gerard's narrative leaves no room for such a suspicion. Indeed the lion, so far from running away from the hunter, attacks a whole tribe of armed Arabs, and often scatters them to the winds. No Arab thinks of attacking a lion unless supported by at least twenty muskets: and even then, if the lion is killed, it is not until he has committed serious damage in their ranks. For a long while they suffer him to devastate their *douars*, and carry off their cattle in helpless resignation. It is not until their losses have driven them to desperation, that they resolve on attacking him in his lair, and they always choose the day time. Having ascertained his lair, and having decided in full conclave that the attack is to be made, they assemble at the foot of the mountain, and in groups of thirty and forty march towards the lair, shouting at the top of their lungs. On hearing the noise, the lion, if young, at once quits his lair; the lioness does the same unless she have her infants with her. But, as he does not fly, he is soon in sight, and a discharge of musketry brings him down upon them like a thunderbolt. If the lion is adult he knows the meaning of this noise which wakes him, and he rises slowly, yawning and stretching his limbs, rubbing his sides against the trees, and shaking back his majestic mane. He listens; and the approaching cries cause him to sharpen his claws, with certain promonitory growls. He then stalks slowly towards the first ledge of rock which commands the country, and espying his enemies from this height, he crouches and awaits. The Arab who first sees him cries, "There he is!" and deathlike stillness succeeds. They pause to contemplate him, and to look well to their arms, while the lion slowly licks his paws and mane, thus making his *toilette de combat*. After a long pause, an Arab advances in front of the group, and in a tone of defiance, shouts, "Thou knowest us not, then, that thus thou liest before us? Rise and fly; for we belong to such a tribe, and I am Abdallah!" The lion, who has before this eaten more than one warrior who apostrophized him in precisely the same terms, continues passing his enormous paws over his face to beautify himself, and makes no reply to the challenge, nor to the second challenge, nor to the epithets of "Jew!"—"Christian!"—"Infidel!" liberally bestowed upon him, until the voices swell in a chorus, which makes him impatient. He then rises, lashes his sides with his tail, and marches straight towards the insulters. The timid are already in flight; the brave remain and wait his attack—muskets ready, hearts beating. He is beyond their reach, and walks leisurely towards them. They now begin to retreat slowly, in order, their faces turned to him, until they rejoin the horsemen waiting at the foot of the mountain, who immediately commence galloping about, brandishing their muskets and yatagans, and shouting defiance. The lion, on seeing the horsemen on the plain, pauses to reconnoitre. No cries or insults move him. Nothing but powder will do that. It is heard at last, and then he changes his leisure march for a charge which scatters the little army. No one is ashamed of flying now; each tries to secure a favorable position from which to fire as the lion passes. The horsemen then advance. If, as is usual, the lion has clutched one of the retreating troop, it is only necessary for a horseman to approach within reasonable distance and discharge his gun, the lion at once quits his victim to charge his assailant. After awhile, the lion, wounded and tired, crouches like a cat and awaits his end. This is a terrible moment. He is fired at, and receives all their balls without moving; but should a horse gallop near enough to be reached in two or three bounds, either the rider or the horse is doomed, for the lion is upon him in an instant, and never quits his hold. It will astonish European hunters to hear that thirty balls, at a distance of twenty paces, are not always enough to kill the lion; it is only when the heart or brain is touched that death is certain; and the nearer he is to death the more dangerous he is. During the fight, but before he is wounded, if he clutches a man, he is satisfied with knocking him down; and the man, probably protected by his burnous, gets off with a mere flesh wound from the terrible talons. But after the lion has been wounded, he tears his victim, mangles him in his jaws, till he sees other men upon whom to spring; and when mortally wounded his rage is something awful. He crushes the victim under him, and crouches over him, as if rejoicing in his agony. While his talons slowly tear the flesh off the unhappy wretch, his flaming eyes are fixed on the eyes of his victim, who fascinated by them is unable to cry for help, or, even to groan. From time to time the lion passes his large, rough tongue over the face of his enemy, curls his lip, and shows all his teeth. Meanwhile the relatives of the unhappy man appeal to the most courageous of the troop, and they advance, guns cocked, towards the lion, who sees them coming, but never moves. Fearing lest their balls should miss the lion and hit the man, they are forced to approach so close, that they can place the musket in the ear of the lion. This is a critical moment. If the lion has any force left him, he kills the man lying beneath him, and bounds on the one who has come to the rescue: and as he lies motionless on the body of his victim, it is impossible to know whether he will bound or not. In case his strength is too much wasted, the lion crushes the head of the man beneath him the moment he sees the musket approach his ear, and then closing his eyes awaits death.

Such is the lion of Northern Africa, and the terror he inspires in the brave Arabs who know his power is intelligible. Before quitting our descriptive notices, we must call upon Gerard for an account of the lion's roar, as he first heard it while awaiting in a hiding-place the approach of the king of beasts. After waiting for an hour, the first grumblings reach his ear, as if the lion were talking to himself, and these grow louder and louder till the very roof of the hiding-place trembles at the sound. The roarings are not very frequent; sometimes a quarter of an hour or more elapses between each. They begin with a sort of sigh, deep and guttural, yet so prolonged that it must have cost no effort; this sigh is succeeded by a silence of a few seconds, and then comes a growl from the chest, which seems to issue through closed lips and swollen cheeks. This growl, beginning in a very bass note, gradually rises higher and louder till the roar bursts forth in all its grandeur and finishes as it commenced. After five or six hours, he finishes with the same number of low, hoarse cries, which seem as if he was trying to expel something sticking in his throat, the last being very prolonged. Nothing in Gerard's remembrance presented a fitting point of comparison with this terrible roar of the lion. The bellowing of a furious bull is no more like it than a pistol-shot is like the sound of a thirty-two pounder. Imagine what terror such a roar would inspire, heard in the lonely mountain passes under the silent stars. On this occasion the lion roared for two hours without quitting his place, and then descended into the valley to drink; a long silence followed, and then he began again more vigorously than ever. Soon after, Gerard saw the fires blazing in the distance, and heard the men, women, and dogs yelling as if possessed with devils; for one instant a roar covered all this tumult like a thunder-clap; and then the lion seemed to continue his route quite tranquilly, not in the least disturbed by all this noise, which only seemed like triumphant music accompanying the powerful monarch on his march. He probably knew the terror his presence inspired; at any rate he knew no terror at the presence of Arabs.

Gerard describes at great length the death of his first lion; but although he learned several useful details by which he afterwards profitted, the campaign was not one which can be abridged here with interest. His second lion was nearly the victor. He had tied up the dogs in the tents in order to preserve silence. Saadi-bou-Nar, his companion, slept behind him on the ground, while he, rifle in hand, awaited the appearance of his enemy. Suddenly the sky, which had been brilliant, was overclouded; the moon disappeared; the thunder began to mutter in the distance, like a distant lion; large drops of rain falling on the Arab, awakened him, and made him urge Gerard to retire within the tents. At this moment the Arabs shouted, "Be on your guard; the lion will come when the storm is at its height." Protecting his rifle with the burnous, Gerard waited, smiling to observe the heroic resignation with which Saadi-bou-Nar draped himself in his burnous. The rain, like all storms, rapidly subsided. The sky was once more lighted by the brilliant moonbeams occasionally piercing through interspaces of cloud; at the horizon a few flashes of lightning were seen. Gerard, grateful for this fitful light, peered anxiously into space, and in one of the sudden flashes, there stood the lion, motionless, only a few paces from the enclosure of the *douar*. Accustomed to find fires lighted, dogs howling in terror, women frantic, and men throwing lighted brands at his head, the lion was perhaps meditating on the meaning of this silence and calm. Turning carefully, so as to take deliberate aim without the lion's perceiving him, Gerard felt his heart beat as the last cloud passed over the moon. He was seated with the left elbow on his knee, the rifle at his shoulder looking alternately at the lion, which presented only a confused mass to his eye, and the cloud which travelled slowly over the moon. At last his heart leapt—the moon shone in all her splendor. Never was sunlight more prized. There stood the lion, motionless as before; a magnificent creature, superbly majestic, with his head aloft, his mane tossed by the wind, and falling to the knee. It was a black lion of the grandest species. His side was turned towards his enemy. Aiming just underneath the shoulder, Gerard fired, and at the same time that the explosion was re-echoed by the mountains, rose the roar of rage and pain, and through the smoke the lion bounded on his assailant. It was an awful moment. The lion was within three paces; there was no time to aim; the second barrel was fired at hazard, and struck him in the breast; he rolled expiring at the hunter's feet. "At first," says Gerard, "I could not believe that the animal I had just seen bounding upon me in fury, and rending the air with his cries, was that monstrous inert mass lying at my feet. On looking for my balls, I found the first, which had not been mortal, placed exactly where I had aimed it; and the second, fired almost at random, had been the one which proved fatal. From this moment I learned that it is not sufficient to aim accurately to kill a lion; and I began to see that lion hunting was far more serious than I had imagined."

The terror inspired by the lion is vividly depicted in the narrative of events succeeding this encounter. Although the Arabs had heard the firing they would not approach, lest the lion should still be living; for more than half an hour they remained within their tents, after which three of the bravest came out of the enclosure, bringing the jug of water Gerard had demanded: the leader came cautiously, looking round him every moment, his gun ready to fire; the second bearing the water came after, holding by the burnous of the leader, and pausing when he paused; finally, the third held in one hand the burnous of the second, and brandished a yatagan with formidable vigor. In this order they came up to the lion; on seeing him they halted, and would not approach till Saadi-bou-Nar struck his corpse with his hand to reassure them. And these were men who in battle would fight like lions! Five minutes afterwards, men, women, and children rushed out to see their vanquished foe, whom they apostrophized in eloquent insults. As the morning broke, hundreds of Arabs came from all sides; but even in presence of their dead enemy their terror was not quite allayed; they kept within ten paces of his corpse, the women standing behind, timid and curious.

Gerard soon found that bullets were but an uncertain resource against an animal whose frontal bone sufficed to flatten one fired at no greater distance than five paces, and who, when mortally wounded, had still strength and ferocity enough to despatch half a dozen armed men. He, therefore, exchanged bullets for ingots of iron, and even with these he ran terrible risk, as we see from his first employment of them. At midnight, under the light of a full moon, he met a young lion, a mere puppy of two years old, who, on seeing him, lay down across the path, and did not move, even when Gerard was within fifteen paces. Believing this to be the animal's tactics, he thought better not to advance nearer; kneeling on the ground, he fired, aiming just beneath the shoulder. How it happened, he knew not, so sudden was the onslaught; but before he could see anything he was knocked down, and his hand touched the leg of the animal standing over him. "Luckily for me I wore my thick turban, which he tore with his teeth: slipping from it and leaving him my burnous, I blew out the brains of this foolish youngster while he was spending his wrath upon my clothes. My first ingot had passed right *through* his body, below the shoulder; the second entering at his left ear came out at the right." Europeans imagine it a very simple thing to vanquish the lion; "you have only to be a good shot and to be perfectly cool." To be a good shot is not rare; but when you have to meet such an antagonist, to await him, perhaps not to see him until he is about to attack, and then to know that your first ball, however well aimed, will only wound him, the "coolness" so lightly spoken of will be a very rare quality. However adroit your first aim, you have little time for your second; the first shot hits him while he is motionless; the second must be fired as he bounds upon you. Gerard soon learnt this, and he says with *naivete*, perfectly French, that he always commenced the struggle with mingled doubt and confidence; *doubt* in the effect of his shots, *confidence* in the "protection divine qu'accorde a sa creature l'Etre supreme"—as if the poor lion were not equally "sa creature!" That, however, is a thought never entering the minds of the hunter or Arab. We were amused at the lamentations and imprecations of a disconsolate woman, whose lamb had been eaten by a lion; she spoke with bitterness of the "heartless wretch" who had eaten a lamb, which she herself would have eaten had not the lion anticipated her!

INTERIOR OF A GREENLANDER'S HUT.

CYANOGEN.—No one talks about cyanogen—no one even thinks about it; yet in its compositions there are few substances that afford more gratification to us. There are compounds of cyanogen that please the sight, the taste and the smell. You admire that pretty blue bonnet—those exquisite blue ribbons. Well, the blue color is due to a compound of cyanogen. You crack the stone of a French plum—how delicious is the flavor of the juice that exudes! Do you like cherry pie? If so, you really do admire cyanogen, for it is a compound of it that imparts the flavor to the kernels of all stone fruits. How exquisite is the odor of the violet and the heliotrope! Here again all our pleasure is derived from cyanogen. Cyanogen is called by chemists a base, because although a compound substance (consisting of carbon and nitrogen), yet it plays the part of an element forming the groundwork of several singular substances. The blue color which the dyers impart to various fabrics is commonly called Prussian blue, and is a compound of cyanogen, iron, and potash. The agreeable flavor of plum kernels is due to prussic acid. Well, this material is a compound of cyanogen and hydrogen, and by professional men is termed hydrocyanic acid—a most powerful poison in doses of a teaspoonful. The fragrance of the violet and heliotrope is also prussic acid, slightly modified. Cyanogen also forms another interesting compound—interesting so far as war is concerned, for the percussion caps used in firing guns and cannon are charged with an atom of mercury united to an atom of cyanogen.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.—Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed we feel inclined to go much farther than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may still have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet, if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates genuine refinement. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul!

TOO LATE.

Douglas—Douglas, tender and true.
—*Old Ballad.*

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

Never a scornful word should pain ye;
I'd smile as sweet as the angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh to call back the days that are not!—
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now, up in Heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I was not half worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you!
Now all men beside are to me like shadows,
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas;
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

HAHNEMANN, THE FOUNDER OF HOMŒOPATHY.—Dr. B. F. Joslin, of New York, in an article on the Character of Hahnemann, published in the St. Louis Medical Examiner, quotes a passage from one of Hahnemann's letters, which shows him in a most amiable light. Writing in his sixty-second year, to congratulate a friend on the birth of a child, he said:

"I have felt each confinement of my wife, each of those almost supernatural occurrences, deeply agitate my inmost life; and I have always tried to improve this dreadful moment, with its glimpse into eternity, for the cleansing of my character; and where I have detected any spots, envy toward my neighbors, or anything of a suspicious, hypocritical duplicity in my heart, or any trace of falsehood, or any disposition to speak or appear otherwise than entirely corresponded with my internal convictions—of all such I have attempted to purify my heart.

"In such an hour have I made an inviolable vow to cherish within me simplicity, honesty, and truth; and partly in self-culture, as becomes a denizen of eternity, partly, in the benefaction of my neighbors, to find contentment and happiness beneath the eye of the Father of all living—the God of truth, whose universal presence always surrounds us; from whom we cannot conceal the inmost thoughts of our souls, and before whose holiness the holiest of us stands condemned. So have I striven, in that heart quailing hour, to fashion an inner life, such as is required for our eternal existence, and our passage into the land of perfection."

A KNOWING DOG.—A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, which was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me, in the middle of a sentence, concerning something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through the open window, scrambled up to the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then, not seeing the cow there, ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding that all was right came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his look-out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation, that he could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner, with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

AN ARTIST.—At the Broadway Theatre the other evening, one gentleman pointed out a dandified individual to his friend as a sculptor. "What!" said the friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor! Surely you must be mistaken." "He may not be the kind of a one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he *chiseled* a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

☞ An Illinois paper says there is a man in Olney so dirty, that the assessor put him down as "real estate."

FOREIGN NEWS.

NO NEWS OF THE PACIFIC—PROGRESS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

The steamship Africa arrived at New York on Saturday last, bringing dates from Liverpool to Saturday, February 23d.

She brings no tidings of the missing steamship Pacific.

The Peace Conference is progressing favorably. Count Orloff has arrived in Paris. The Conference, it is supposed, would meet on the 23d ult. Great anxiety was felt as to the result, but it was generally supposed a peace would be concluded, as France is very anxious for it.

There is nothing more in regard to the difficulties between England and the United States, except that the London Advertiser professes to know that Mr. Dallas brings very stringent instructions.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.—A number of ladies, among whom we find the names of Mrs. Browning, Mary Cowden Clarke, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Cushman, and others well known on both sides of the Atlantic, have addressed a petition to both Houses of Parliament setting forth the evils under which the women of the United Kingdom suffer with the present laws, and asking that remedies may be devised to render the position of women in English society equal to what it is in various foreign countries.

Russia, it is said, consents to the dismantling of Nicolaieff, but the report is regarded as doubtful.

The editors of the newspapers in Paris are ordered to write no more respecting war or peace, while the Conference sits.

Letters from St. Petersburg and Warsaw, in the German papers, give details of the preparations in progress for the continuance of the war, and state that on no point has the former energy of the military department been abated.

It is said that the amount of frauds, of which Mr. Sadler, who recently committed suicide, has been guilty, is not much short of one million pounds in railway shares and mortgages. He has also, it is charged, committed crimes of the most diabolical description.

A portion of the advanced squadron of the Baltic fleet had steamed up ready for leaving Spithead on the evening of the 22d.

The money article of the Daily News of Saturday, says that the lending of the new loan by the Rothschilds, at about 80, has produced a fall of about one-half per cent. in consols, although a part of this was subsequently recovered. The aggregate of the subscriptions to the loan reached 50,000,000 pounds.

Affairs were quiet in the Crimea.

A Russian convoy of 75 men perished in the snow in Asia, while on their way to Gen. Mouravieff. It was also said that the divisions of the Russian army, encamped in the mountains, had also greatly suffered, that their communications were interrupted with the remainder of the country, and that their supplies were nearly cut off.

The Duchess Caumont Laforce, wife of the Duke Caumont Laforce, the representative of two dukedoms, and a member of one of the best families in France, was found strangled in a woodhouse, in her hotel, in the Champs Elysees. A servant has been arrested.

In Constantinople there was great commercial confusion and a material decline in prices.

The Parliamentary proceedings in England had been unimportant.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says that the republication of an article from the *Siecle* in the *Moniteur* had produced a certain sensation. The article of the *Siecle*, which has been republished, insists on the destruction of the arsenals of Nicolaieff, and contends that it is not the shores of the Black Sea that are to be liberated, but the Black Sea itself is to be emancipated, and above all the Ottoman Empire is to be placed beyond attack. To close the Euxine to armed navies, it is evident the Bug must be closed. No closing of this river; no article three. Nicolaieff extant; no security. Other arguments are adduced in favor of Nicolaieff being included under the third point.

The reply to the Russian pleadings of the *Des Debats* in favor of Nicolaieff was considered conclusive, and it was reported that its insertion in the *Moniteur* was made at the express desire of the Emperor. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* reports, on good authority, that Russia has given up the question relative to Nicolaieff. He reports also, from a Russian authority, that nothing is more certain than peace, and that the Conferences themselves were little more than matters of mere form. This satisfactory aspect is attributed by the *Times* correspondent to the union and identity of views between the French and English Governments. The Emperor, on his interview with Lord Clarendon, is said to have told the English plenipotentiary that the position assumed with respect to Russia would be as firmly maintained by him as by England. The audience at which this opinion was expressed lasted an hour and a half.

According to the *Berlin* obituary lists of last year, a remarkable and interesting hygienic circumstance is made known, namely, that not a single case of death from small-pox occurred during that period. This is justly considered as striking evidence of the benefits of compulsory vaccination, and the care taken by the faculty to procure healthy vaccine matter.

The Danish Government has issued instructions to the various Postmasters of Denmark to confiscate every money letter not registered and declared as such. The amount contained in the letter goes to the informer as his reward.

Private letters received from Algiers announce that there has been some severe fighting between the imperial troops and the Kabyles. The insurgents were defeated on every point, but the insurrection is not yet suppressed.

FRANCE.—A ball was to be given by the American residents at Paris on the 22nd instant, the anniversary of the birth of Washington. All the distinguished persons in Paris of various countries, including, of course, the members of the diplomatic corps, were invited. The ball was to take place in the spacious saloons of the Hotel de Louvre.

The Assemblee Nationale contains an article, in which an attempt is made to inspire distrust concerning the defensive works in course of construction at Portsmouth. They cannot be intended as a protection against either a Russian or an American fleet. The "anti-English journal" in vain searches for an enemy against whom it is now a question of defending Portsmouth.

The whole number of young men inscribed throughout the whole of France for the class just drawn being 318,464, and the number of recruits required being 140,000, the proportion between the two numbers is nearly 44 to 100.

The accouchment of the Empress is now looked for very early in March. The Moniteur, in its court news, mentions incidentally that the Empress is in the ninth month of her pregnancy.—Her Majesty is to be confined in Paris, and all idea of any foreign accoucher is completely put on one side. Dubois is to be her medical attendant: and the susceptibilities of the Paris faculty are entirely set at rest. Dubois, however, will not consent to hear of any application of chloroform.

The question of precedence at the Peace Conference has been solved. The representatives are to sit in the alphabetical order of the States represented, thus—Austria, France, Great Britain, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey. Count Walewski is to preside.

SPAIN.—Tranquillity is general. The *Epoca*, of Madrid, says that since the revolution of July there have been not fewer than 22 Cabinet Ministers; namely, in the Presidency of the Council 1 (Espartero;) in the Minister of War, 1 (O'Donnell;) Minister of Marine, 2; Public Works, 5; Foreign Affairs, 3; Interior, 3; Justice, 4; and Finance, 5.

HANOVER.—The carrying into effect of the Constitution of 1840, in place of that of 1849, has occasioned a ministerial crisis at Hanover. The ministry appointed by the King of Hanover to destroy the new Constitution, and restore that of 1840, is in a state of dissolution. The telegraph announces from Hanover that Baron Von der Decken, Minister of Justice, and the Baron Von Bothmer, Minister of Public Instruction, have sent in their resignations to the King, and that two of their colleagues are on the point of following their example.

DENMARK.—M. Bluhme, one of the members of the Oersted Ministry, now with some of his ex-colleagues on his trial, and under impeachment, has been elected to the Grand Council of the Kingdom by the constituency of Copenhagen. MM Broberg, Andra, Ankjar, Feager, and the Count of Holstein, have also been elected.

Advices from Copenhagen state that the public prosecutor demands that three of the impeached Ministers—Count Sponneck, M. Bille, and M. Hansen—shall be sentenced to be imprisoned, and to be deprived of their offices and dignities. He only demands the punishment of imprisonment for the others; but he requires that all shall be condemned to pay a pecuniary indemnity, and the expenses of the prosecution.

The inextricable complications presented by the internal condition of the Danish monarchy, have ended in the overthrow of the Ministry. The telegraph announced that M. Rasmloff, the King's Minister for the Duchy of Schleswig, has tendered his resignation, and been replaced provisionally by M. Hall.

PRUSSIA.—The Berlin Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill restoring the old feudal right of the nobles to exercise independent and hereditary magistracies in the rural districts. This is another shock to the fabric of the Constitution.

RUSSIA.—We read in Le Caucase, under date of Tiflis, Jan. 6, that a solemnity of an unprecedented character took place in that city on Christmas eve. On that occasion 100 brass guns, taken from Kars, were brought into the town, drawn by artillery horses, and accompanied by artillerymen. "This convoy," says the Russian journal, "of so eminently warlike an aspect, extended to a verst and a half, and was preceded by a standard, also taken from the enemy." The guns have since been placed in Alexander's square.

The Minister of War has issued orders, by direction of the Czar, for the admission of officers severely wounded into the military schools, where their subsistence will be secured, and they will be living examples of devotedness to the country, and of the gratitude of the Government.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Feb. 23.—The Cotton market is less active, and middlings and lower qualities have declined 1 16d. The sales of the week are 50,000 bales, of which 7,000 bales were taken on speculation. Orleans middling 5 1-4d; Orleans fair 6 1-4d; Uplands middling 5 1-8 6d; Uplands fair 6 1-4d. The estimated sales of Saturday were 7,000 bales. The market closed quiet.

Breadstuffs.—There is an improved demand for Flour. Western Canal 35s; Ohio 38s 6d; Southern 36s @ 37s 6d. Wheat is firm, with an upward tendency, and 2d higher. White 10s 6d @ 11s 3d; Red 10s @ 10s 6d. Corn has advanced 1s. Mixed 31s; Yellow 32s 6d; White 33s 6d.

Provisions.—Pork is quiet. The demand for Beef has improved. Sales of Cleveland brands at 100s. Lard is quiet at 51s @ 53s.

Naval Stores.—Spirits of Turpentine is quiet at 31s 6d. There is nothing doing in Candles or Tar. Resin is quiet at 4s 6d. Linseed Oil 25s. Sugar is stiffer. Coffee quiet.

Liverpool, Feb. 23d.—Cotton has declined 1-16d.

The Money market is tight. American stocks quiet. Consols closed at 91.

The Bullion in the Bank has decreased eighty thousand pounds

THE DEFENCES OF NEW YORK.

The talk about a war with England causes people to look inquiringly at our ports and fortifications, with a view to their ability to prevent the entrance of an enemy's ship. The following extract from a report made some months ago by Brig. Gen. Totten to the Secretary of War, touches the point under consideration. He regards New York as susceptible of successful defence, but not without a large expenditure. He says:

"The objects of the projected works for the security of New York, are to cover the city from an attack by land or sea; to protect its numerous shipping; to prevent, as far as possible, the blockade of this great port; and to cover the interior communication uniting this harbor with the Delaware.

"There are two avenues to the city, namely, one by the main channel, direct from sea, and one by the Sound.

"The projected system of defence closes this last avenue at the greatest distance possible from the city, namely, at Throg's Point. The occupation of this point will force the enemy to land more than twenty miles from the city on one side and still farther from the navy yard on the other. A work now in progress and nearly finished at Throg's Point (Fort Schuyler), will prevent any attempt to force this passage. It will, as we have seen, oblige an enemy to land at a considerable distance from the object; and as he will then be unable to turn the strong position afforded by Harlem river, the cover on the New York side will be sufficient. But, should he land on the Long Island side, he might, by leaving parties on suitable positions, with a view to prevent our crossing the river and falling on his rear, make a dash at the navy yard, having no obstacle in his front. To prevent this effectually, and also to accomplish other objects, a work should be erected on Wilkins's Point, opposite Throg's Point. This work, besides completing the defence of that channel, would involve a march against the navy yard, from this quarter in great danger; since all the forces that could be collected on the New York shore might, under cover of this work, be crossed over to Long Island, and fall on the rear of the enemy, cutting off his communication with the fleet. The two works on Throg's and Wilkins's Points may, therefore, be regarded as perfectly protecting, on that side, the city and navy yard.

"Against an attack by the main channel, there are—

"1st. The works in the vicinity of the city, which would act upon an enemy's squadron only after its arrival before the place. They consist of Fort Columbus, Castle Williams, and South Battery, on Governor's Island; Fort Wood on Bedlow's Island; and Fort Gibson, on Ellis's Island. It is necessary that these works be maintained, because in the event of the lower barriers being forced, these would still afford a resource. It is a disadvantage of their position, however, that the destruction of the city might be going on simultaneously with the contest between the forts and the fleets. They cannot, however, be dispensed with, until the outer barriers are entirely completed, if even then.

"2nd. At the Narrows, about seven miles below the city, the passage becomes so contracted as to permit good disposition to be made for defence. On the Long Island side of the Narrows is Fort Lafayette, which is a strong water-battery, standing on a reef at some distance from the shore; and immediately behind it, on the top of the bank, is a small but strong work, called Fort Hamilton. Some repairs being applied to these works, this position may be regarded as well occupied. On the West, or Staten Island, side of the Narrows are the following works, all of which were erected by the State of New York, viz.: Fort Richmond, which is a water-battery; Battery Hudson, which is at some height above the water; Battery Morton, which is a small battery on the top of the hill; and Fort Tompkins, which is also on the hill, and is the principal work.

"Batteries Hudson and Morton have been put in perfect order, and afford a formidable array of [for 1] guns. Fort Richmond, which occupies the best position within the whole harbor, for channel defence, had fallen entirely to ruin; it is now being reconstructed.

"The board of engineers projected additional works, to occupy the position of *Sandy Hook*; at which they will afford a very good defence of the main channel; and prevent the entrance to, or occupation of the lower bay, for any hostile purpose whatsoever; and cover a secure anchorage there, for our own merchantmen and privateers, and for our steam and sailing cruisers. These works are estimated to cost $1,200,000.

"We may add to the above that the Fortification Bill, now before the Senate, appropriates to New York harbor the sum of $288,000 for repairing the forts. The Government, it appears, has for many months past been effecting a gradual and important change in the character of the armament of the harbor fortifications of New York, by substituting guns of a very long range and large calibre for the ordnance previously in use, with a view to enable them to cope successfully with the most approved appliances of modern warfare. The new guns are manufactured at West Point, and as fast as they are got in readiness, are distributed to the various military works in that neighborhood. There is always an enormous amount of material for defence accumulated at these depositories."

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR LAW CASES.—The persons convicted in this city, last term of the Quarter Sessions, for selling liquor on Sunday, were recently sentenced by Judge Kelley to a fine of $50 and thirty days' imprisonment. The parties implicated are some of the principal tavern keepers in Philadelphia. The law requires that in convictions, a fine of not less than $10 nor more than $100, shall be imposed, and imprisonment for not less than ten days, nor more than sixty. The Court has gone just half-way between the two extremes.

It is a singular fact that while in the United States the birth-day of Robert Burns has been observed for many years, in London the first dinner ever given on the return of the day was recently celebrated.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Senate's Liquor Bill has been acted on in the House. Mr. Morris moved to strike from the 28th section, that portion (introduced as an amendment by the House Committee to whom it was referred,) authorizing the Board of Appraisers to license restaurants to sell wines and spirituous liquors. The motion was debated by Messrs. Morris, McCarthy and others, and finally agreed to, yeas 48, nays 46.

The bill being before the House on second reading, numerous amendments were offered by members, all of which were negatived, excepting one to reduce the minimum price of license for the sale of liquors in Philadelphia, from $100 to $50, which prevailed, by a vote of 48 to 41.

The amendments of the Senate as amended, were then concurred in—yeas 67, nays 38, and the bill directed to be returned to the Senate. The Senate disagreeing with the amendments of the House, a Joint Committee of Conference was appointed.

At the Democratic Convention, George Scott, of Columbia, was nominated for Canal Commissioner; Jacob Fry, of Montgomery, for Auditor General; and Timothy Ives, of Potter, for Surveyor General.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The American State Council recently held a session at Boston—about 800 delegates present. The delegates to the National Convention explained their course, and after speeches pro and con by Messrs. Richmond, Allen, Brewster, Arnold and Ely, the Council finally adopted resolutions pledging the American party of Massachusetts to support the Springfield platform, and refusing to adopt the Philadelphia nominees, until "assured that they heartily endorse the American principles, and will vindicate the just rights of the freemen of the North." The resolutions were passed by a large majority.

GEORGIA.—A bill giving to Judges of Superior Courts the power to commute the punishment for capital offences from death to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary, should the jury recommend the prisoner to the mercy of the Court, has passed the House of Representatives of Georgia by a majority of 72 to 26.

CANADA.—Resolutions favoring the enactment of a Prohibitory Liquor Law have been lost in the Assembly, by one majority. A stringent License Law was subsequently passed by a large majority.

CHEMISTRY AND MATERIALISM.—The renowned Liebig delivered a public lecture on "Animal Chemistry," at Munich, on the 19th of January, in which he took occasion to declare, from his position as chemist and naturalist, his opposition to the widely-spread views of Moleschott, Vogt, Buchner and others of the most rugged materialism. He pronounced himself, with dignity and energy, against the "deniers of mind and vital power," and illustrated and combatted, from his profound conviction, their erroneous theories on pure scientific ground. He showed how impossible it is to explain on chemical principles the existence of even the lowest connecting parts of an organism—of a cell or a muscular fibre—and how much more so to account for the mysterious processes of life and thinking by a change of matter. He demonstrated how unable materialists were to distinguish organic combinations from those purely chemical. Nothing he said, was more absurd than to derive the process of thinking and willing from a phosphorescence of the brain, as Moleschott had done. How much more of thinking stuff, then, (material of thinking,) would there be contained in bones, which have 400 times more phosphorus than the brain?

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The Leader states that there is now in Edinburgh the finest specimen of the insect *phydium sythe*—the insect which even those forewarned cannot distinguish from a leaf, which has been seen alive in this quarter of the globe. Mr. A. Murray assures us, in a paper contributed to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, this quarter, that when visitors to the Royal Botanic Garden of Edinburgh flocked to see the new wonder, "they usually, after looking at the plant for a minute or two, declared they could see no insect; and even when it was pointed out to them, they could not rest satisfied until it was made to move, or was taken from the plant and suffered to crawl over the attendant's finger. This constant "stirring up" appears to have been too much for its nerves; and its health demanded that only four days in the week should it be publicly exhibited. It has the appearance of a sere and yellow leaf, with all the sadness (says the Leader) of approaching autumn in its aspect.

A MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—A young lady, pretty and well educated, residing in the arrondissment of Poitiers, France, has conceived the idea of putting herself up in a lottery. There are to be 300 tickets, at 1,000 francs each, and to the fortunate winner she will give herself and the 300,000 francs by way of dowry. The lady has attached some very prudent conditions to the purchase of tickets. She will only sell them to persons whom she may think will suit her, and in order to ascertain that point, she enacts a half an hour's conversation with each applicant. There is no limit of age imposed, and more than one ticket may be taken by one person. The lottery will be drawn on the 25th of November next, at the Mayor's office of the town where she resides. It is said that a number of Englishmen have already become purchasers, and that purchasers of tickets are flocking in from all quarters.

THE CALCULATING MACHINE.—Chambers's Journal says that the calculating machine turns out to be a more complete and important instrument than was at first believed. It will calculate the power of biquadratic equations, the logarithms for falling bodies from different heights, for projectile forces, tables, or signs, &c., and all by the slow motion of a winch turned by hand. And what is more, it stereotypes the columns of figures after having calculated them. It is a most remarkable piece of mechanism, highly honorable to the inventor.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, March 10th, 1856.

The Africa's mail per Cove had no effect on the market, but with the opening of navigation business generally has been more actively doing the past week. Rock is scarce and wanted at an advance on previous rates. Breadstuffs are also more inquired for, and bringing better prices. Coal is firm, but without change as yet. Of Cotton the stock is too small to admit of large transactions, and the sales are only to a small amount, without change in prices. Iron is held firmly, without much doing at the advance. Groceries have met with a good demand, and free sales of Sugar and Coffee have been made at full prices. Of Molasses the stocks have also been fair. Provisions remain inactive for the want of stock. Hay, Hides and Leather are unchanged. Of the latter articles but little comes into the view of our market. The following are some of the principal articles exported from this port during the months of February, 1856:

	Quarters.		
Corn, Bushels,	16,652	Flour, bbls.	3
Wheat, "	1,388	Bark, tons.	30
OTHER FOREIGN PORTS.			
Flour, bbls.,	1,370	Butter, lbs.	2,127
Corn Meal, bbls.,	20	Hams, lbs.	3,142
Naval Stores, do.	118	Lard, lbs.	23,047
Rice, lbs.	23	Tobacco, lbs.	5,500

ASHES.—The market is about stationary, and moderate business doing in both kinds.

BREADSTUFFS.—The demand for and receipts of Penn'a Flour continue moderate, and prices have undergone no change. Sales of 5,000 bbls Quarrelles, all that could be had, sold at $7 25 for No. 2; including a small lot of 111 No. 1 at $7 28 per bbl, which latter is an advance.

BRIMSTONE.—Small sales have been made on arrival at a price not transpired.

BEESWAX is held above the views of buyers, and there is very little doing in the way of sales, prices ranging at 28@29c per lb.

BREAD.—The market remains inactive, and sales mostly confined to the wants of the home trade at about previous quotations.

CANDLES.—There is still a moderate business to notice in Sperm and Adamantine, while the range of quotations about remains the same as last week, with about the usual demand.

COFFEE.—The market opened with increased firmness on the part of holders, for the week's transactions only reach some 500 bags, consisting of Rio, within the range of 10@12½, including some few second brands at 11@11½c, and 1,000 mats Java at 13c, all for the trade.

COAL.—There is some little activity to go West, but the high rates of freight now current limits the demand, and prices rule about the same. For home use the demand is moderate, without any change in quotations.

COTTON.—The market has been very quiet during the past week—the reduced state of the stock and high views of holders checking the demand from manufacturers, who buy only for their immediate wants at the present prices. The week's receipts are some about 1,200 bales, mostly small lots, at 10¼ @ 10¾c for Uplands, and 11@11½c for Gulfs, each and three months, including some few Orleans of the latter rate to-day. The following is the movement in this staple from the 1st Sept. to the latest dates:

	1855.	1854.	1853.	1852.
Rec. at the Ports,	2,350,000	1,800,000	1,811,000	2,400,000
Exp. to G. Britain,	750,000	761,000	771,000	950,000
Exp. to France,	217,000	148,000	165,000	182,000
Exp. other for. ports,	220,000	93,000	125,000	194,000
Total exports,	1,213,000	1,119,000	1,061,000	1,326,000
Stock on hand,	228,000	240,000	721,000	744,000

Of which, during the past week, included in the above

Rec. at the Ports,	131,000	77,000	101,000	103,000
Exp. to G. Britain,	43,000	40,000	36,000	46,000
" France,	22,000	16,000	4,000	8,000
" other for. ports,	17,000	6,000	5,000	13,000
Total exports,	82,000	72,000	45,000	67,000

COPPER is steady, and a small business doing at previous quotations. For Yellow metal the demand is good at 25c, six months.

DRY GOODS.—Business, with both the Commission and Job Houses, has been very active this week, and the spring trade has now fairly opened. Buyers take hold freely, and all the leading lines of both cotton and woollen manufacture are realizing full prices, the tendency of most descriptions of plain Cottons, particularly brown goods, being to an advance. Stocks of all descriptions are light and complete.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Business has been dull this week; among the transactions are 200 casks Soda Ash and 300 Soda, on terms not transpired; 20 casks Indigo at 90@115c; 15 casks Cream Tartar at private sale; and 50 casks Alum at 2½@2¾c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS.—Continue scarce, and small business only to notice in Western at 60@65c—the latter for good live.

FISH.—The market remains quiet. Codfish and Herring are very scarce; the former is quoted at $4,5@5,25 for the No. and the latter at $3,00@3,50 per bbl, with small sales at the highest rates. Mackerel are selling in a retail way only at $22@27 for large No. 1; $20 for Medium, and $16@18 for small No. 1's. The demand for small 2's, and $6,50 per bbl for large, do.

FRUIT.—There is a good jobbing demand for foreign Fruit, at fully former rates, but the want of stock limits operations. A sale of 70 bags Walnuts was made at a price not public.—Domestic Fruit also sells freely on arrival, at 4@5c for Dried Apples, as to quality, and 11@12c for Pared Peaches.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market continues quiet and moderate for the season, and the late foreign news having slightened the market somewhat, the price of Flour is 25c per bbl better than at the close of last week. Sales in small lot shipment reaching 7,000 bbls, at $7 for standard superfine, including about 500 bbls selected brands at $7,25; 2,000 bbls common extra at the same rate, and 1,000 bbls do. at $7,37½. Of the latter, the holders now retain one lowest figure, and of the former the bulk of the sales are reported at the close of business, at $7,18@7,25 for standard and better brands, and $7 for extra family. For home consumption the demand has also been better, and buyers have taken hold more freely at from $7,50 to 7,75 for fair to retailing brands and extras, as to quality, and 10@25c per bbl more for favorite and fancy brands. Rye Flour has been quiet, with sales of 200 bbls to-day at $5 per bbl. Corn Meal is also quiet, and sales of the Penn'a Meal found buyers at $4,87½, mostly at the latter rate, at which price it is now firmly held. The following are the inspections for the week: 9,464 bbls Flour, 1,722 bbls Corn Meal, and 222 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and prices have ruled steady, with somewhat better prices. The week's transactions include about 15,000 bushels, at from 180 to 190c for Red, and 200@210 for Whites, of inferior and prime quality.—The bulk of the sales were of the parcels, at 183@182 for the former, and 178c for the latter description. Rye has been in steady demand, with moderate receipts. Sales reach about 4,000 bushels Western, on the spot and to arrive, at 100c. Corn is in better demand, owing in a degree to supplies now being purchased for contract. Sales embrace about 15,000 bushels, at from 85 to 120c for Red, and 90@92c for Whites, of inferior and prime quality.—The bulk of the sales were of the parcels, at 89@92 for the former, and 178c for the latter description. Rye has been in steady demand, with moderate receipts. Sales reach about 1,000 bushels Western, on the spot and to arrive, at 100c. Corn is in better demand, owing in a degree to supplies now being purchased for contract. Sales embrace about 15,000 bushels, at from 85 to 120c for Red, and 90@92c for Whites, of inferior and prime quality. Oats are in good demand, and 10,000 bushels sold at 52@53c for Southern and Pennsylvania, and 54@55c for prime Delaware and Jersey.

GUANO.—There is some little activity in the market, without any variation to notice in prices. We quote Peruvian at $55,5c per ton of 2,000 lbs.

GINSENG remains quiet, with but little offering or selling.

HEMP.—The stock is nearly all in the hands of manufacturers. The market is firm and we hear of no sales.

HIDES.—An import of 6,500 Lacunitos and some 3,000 Maracaibo have arrived, most of which have been previously disposed of, on terms not publicly known. At the Exchange the quotations are 22c, nominal terms. The market is buoyant and firm.

HOPS sell as wanted at 5@6c for Eastern and Western, as to quality.

IRON.—Foreign intelligence does not change the tone of the market. There is considerable complaint among the British masters of pig and bar iron, and the demand for the latter numerous not for liberal amounts. Bars of all descriptions are selling well, the demands from all sources being sufficient to maintain prices. In England, new supplies of ore, at reduced rates, have resulted in bringing down the price of hot blast pigs; this has proved advantageous to makers of cold blast pigs, and has tended to depreciate the relative value of Scotch. At Glasgow the market is evidently improved, but the numerous strikes, and recent failures have glutted both Glasgow and London with warrants; at London 17,000 tons have been forced on the market. At New York the supply of Scotch pig is meagre, and there is but a small amount on the way. The sales of American foundry iron so far, for this year's consumption, exceed 30,000 tons. Rolled iron for the spring trade has been placed, and the recent advance in price, added to the superior and improving qualities of the bands made, have conduced to give us an early, active and healthy demand for the extension of the forges. The production at present is sufficient for the supply of the market.

During the past week the sales of pig amount to about 3,500 tons, including 500 tons No. 1 at $28 @ 29 for No. 2 at $24@25; 1,000 tons cold blast charcoal, on private terms; and the remainder Anthracite, mostly on terms not public. Other descriptions are a-part reported.

LEAD is firmly held—the only sale we hear of is 200 pigs Virginia at 6¾@7c, 90 days, interest added; the stock is very light.

LEATHER.—There are plenty of orders in market, but the want of stock hands operations to a few small lots at very full prices.

LUMBER remains inactive, but without any particular change to note. The prospect for the coming season is very favorable.

MOLASSES.—New Orleans has been arriving freely, and 1,500 bbls. have been disposed of at from 41 to 46c for common to prime quality, mostly at 43c—and three p. small sales of New Orleans are reported at the close of business, at 47,48@47,50 for standard and better brands, and 48 for extra family. For home consumption the demand has also been better, and buyers have taken hold more freely at from $2,50 to 2,55 for fair to retailing brands and extras, as to quality, and 10@25c per bbl more for favorite and fancy brands. Rye Flour has been in quiet, with sales of 200 bbls to-day at $5 per bbl. Corn Meal is also quiet, and sales of the Penn'a Meal found buyers at $4,87½, mostly at the latter rate, at which price it is now firmly held. The following are the inspections for the week: 9,464 bbls Flour, 1,722 bbls Corn Meal, and 222 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and prices have ruled steady, with somewhat better prices. The week's transactions include about 15,000 bushels, at from 180 to 190c for Red, and 200@210 for Whites, of inferior and prime quality.—The bulk of the sales were of the parcels, at 183@182 for the former, and 178c for the latter description. Rye has been in steady demand, with moderate receipts. Sales reach about 4,000 bushels Western, on the spot and to arrive, at 100c. Corn is in better demand, owing in a degree to supplies now being purchased for contract. Sales embrace about 15,000 bushels, at from 85 to 120c for Red, and 90@92c for Whites, of inferior and prime quality. Oats are in good demand, and 10,000 bushels sold at 52@53c for Southern and Pennsylvania, and 54@55c for prime Delaware and Jersey.

PLASTER.—None arriving or selling, and the market is bare.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little movement in the market for want of stock. Of Pork which is in limited demand, some small lots of mess are reported sold at $16@17; of Beef the sales are also limited at $7@8 per bbl for city mess. Hams continue in active business demand, and the sales of Sugar cured are wanted to go South. Green Meats are also very scarce, with a small business doing, part to arrive, at 5½c for Jowls; 7@7½ for Shoulders; 8@8½c for Sides, and 9@9½c for Hams. Lard sells slowly, we quote kegs at 10@11c, and keg s at 11@12c, cash and 60 days. Bulk Meats are held at 5@5½c for Hams; 4@4½ for Sides, and 3½@4c for Shoulders; sales of the latter have been made at 3½c. Smoked Beef is nominal at 10@11c per lb. Mess Beef is steady demand, with sales of 200 bbls at 16@16,50 per bbl. Prime nominal at $12@12,50. Beef Hams are held at $20@21 per bbl. Tallow—Sales of 1 hhd at 9c per lb.

RICE is more active, the stock is very much reduced, and about 150 casks have been sold in lots of 45@50 per lb.

SALT.—An import of 1,500 sacks Ashton's fine, reported below, have been sold to the trade at improved rates.

SUMAC.—An import of 42½ tons Sicily was taken on arrival at $77,5@85, as to brand, on the usual terms.

SEEDS.—There has been more Clover seed offering and selling this week, and prices are lower, and remains reaching about 2,500 bushels at from $6@6,50 from first, and $5,50@6,25 from second hands, the closing sales were at 6¼@6,25 per bushel. Timothy continues dull, with further small sales at $3,37½@3,75 for good lots. Flaxseed has declined, and American is now worth only $1,60@2 per bushel.

SUGAR.—The stock having been increased by the arrival of several cargoes, the market has been more active, and sales to the extent of about 2,500 bbls are reported, mostly New Orleans, within the range of 7¾@8c, including 127 bbls Porto Rico at 8c, on the usual terms.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin remain quiet but firm, with about the usual business to note. N E Rum is scarce, with small sales at 29@30c. Whiskey has been very dull during the entire week; prices range at 20@22c for bbls, and 23@25c for bbls, the market closing with a small demand.

TALLOW.—Has further declined, and City Rendered is quoted at 10@11c per lb.

TEAS.—Are moving off more freely, without any change in quotations.

TOBACCO.—There is no stock of Leaf here, and it is wanted at full prices; of manufactured, the sales have been moderate, and prices the same.

WINES command full rates, with a moderate business to note.

WOOL.—There is more activity in the demand and prices are 1@2c better; the firmness of holders, however, somewhat checking sales, which reach some 150,000 lbs, mostly within the range of 50@55c for full and fine Saxony and pulled, and 40@45c for No. 1 pulled at 35c; 15,000 mixed at 30@35c, and 20,000 lbs half to full blood at 50@55c, and 27,000 lbs full fleece at 55@56c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

March 10.—The offerings include about 1,200 Beef Cattle, 400 Cows and Calves, 2,000 Hogs and 2,200 Sheep and Lambs.

Prices.—The demand for Beeves was active, and nearly all in market were disposed of at from $6,50 to $11,50 the 100 lbs for inferior to prime quality.

Cows and Calves were without change—and prices have ranged at from $25 to $45 each; Veals continued 3@3½c per lb.

Of Hogs all have been sold at $8,5@8,75 the 100 lbs.

Sheep and Lambs have been selling to the moderate extent, at from $3 to $5,50 each as to condition.

Hay is rather more plenty, and prices range at $1,00@1,25 the 100 lbs, as to quality.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Weekly receipts of Cattle, Sheep and Swine, carefully prepared for the current week:—

At market 720 Beeves, about 30 stores, 900 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,100 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $8; first quality, $7@7½; second do, $6@6½; third do, $5@5½.

Barrelled Cattle—None.

Working Oxen—$95, 110, 125@140—very few in.

Milch Cows—$35, 35, 40@50.

Veal Calves—$4, 4@5.

Yearlings—None.

Two years old—$25@31.

Three years old—$45, 50@?.

Hides—7½@8c per lb. (None but shearlings at the market.)

Calf Skins—10@12c per lb.

Tallow—Sales of 1 bbl at 9c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs—$4, 5@6—mostly good quality.

Pelts—$1, 75@?. Pulled Wool, fair quality, 45@50c per lb.

Swine—Wholesale lots, retail sales; fat Hogs, undressed, none.

REMARKS.—Stock has declined a little from last week; 28 cars loaded with Cattle, 10 with Sheep, and 2 with Hogs, passed over the Western Railroad during the week. We noticed 400 Sheep from Ohio, of very extra quality, held at sales; not sold.

N. B.—Beeves—These are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per lb of the estimated weight of beef in the quarters, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow, at the same price.

Market Beef—Extra are the largest fat oxen, and are lightly stall fed. First quality comprises large oxen stall fed at least three months. Second quality includes grass and lay fed oxen, well fatted; also, some of the best three year old steers. Third quality takes up the odds and ends of droves.

Barrelling Cattle are large old oxen, not very fleshy. Pieces consist of working oxen, cows and calves, and one, two and three years old.

Milch Cows.—The prices of these depend altogether upon the fancy of the purchaser.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra consist of choice bucks and fancy ewes for stock.

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

COFFEE.—There is a steady demand, and considerable transactions. We quote a sale of 2,000 bags Rio, cargo of the Chateaugay, at 11c. Also, 400 bags common at 10½c, and 200 do at 10¾c. Also, 10 bags fair Rio at 11½c, and 100 do guest at 12 cents. We quote prices at 12@12½c. Total sales to-day about 3,500 bags. We quote Laguayra at 11½@12c. Java 15c. Total stock of Rio about 63,000 bags.

FLOUR.—The market this morning was quiet. Shippers disposed to hold off, and sellers not much inclined to operate, there being less demand. Dealers are inclined to await further advices from Europe, now daily due. We note a sale of 300 bbls Howard street at $7,25. City Mills are not Offered at the same prices, but no sales. A sale since change of 150 bbls City Mills at $7,25 cash.

BRANDYWINE.—Penna and Extra Flour—We note quite Patapsco Family limited in the quantity, at $9,25; Extra do $8,50. Sales of Howard street and Ohio Family at $8,25; Extra $7,75@8 per bbl. Rye Flour—The market was quiet. We quote at $4,12½@4,25 nominally. No sales reported. Corn Meal—We quote country at $3,5 and city manufacture at $4 per bbl. Wheat Meal—Sales are nothing by the quantity at $4,75@?, and in small lots at $5 per 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—Wheat—Market quiet to-day. About 2,000 bushels offered. Not much shipping inquiry. Millers purchase sparingly. We note some sales of good to prime white at $1,65@1,75. Choice, for family flour, is held at $1,70@1,78. Red, good to prime, $1,58@1,60. There is no change in the market for Corn. About 1,000 bushels offered, including 4,000 white from Pennsylvania, and 1,000 bushels of improvement of 1855 crop; yellow Pennsylvania and weight 56@57 cents; mixed 53@55c, as to quality. Oats—About 1,500 bushels offered to-day, and sales of good to prime at 52@53c; a very choice lot for seed sold at 62c. Rye—Only 128 bushels Maryland offered to-day, and sold at 96c. We quote Pennsylvania at 88@90c.

SEED.—Sale to-day of 75 bushels Clover at $6,25, and in deal at $6,37½. Small sales of Timothy at $3,62½@3,75. Flaxseed $1,55@1,60 per bushel.

WHISKEY.—The market is not so firm. Prices slightly drooping. We note sales to-day of 50 bbls City distilled at 27c. Ohio 28@29c per gallon.

March 11.—Flour to-day is steady and unchanged. Wheat is

COLONELS KINNEY AND WALKER.—We really do not know how we came to omit, last week, the amusing account of the late interview between Walker and Kinney. It is taken from *El Nicaraguense*:

About ten o'clock on Monday morning, therefore, as General Walker was sitting at his table, overlooking a despatch from a neighboring state, Col. Kinney entered the room, and advancing to the Commander-in-Chief introduced himself. He was invited to take a seat, which he did; and as General Walker talks but little, and never, during business hours, on irrelevant matters, the visitor was constrained to open the conversation, which we give in substance:

Col. Kinney—The difficulties under which we labor in forming a peaceable government for Nicaragua, may be consummated by dividing the country and creating two States, one of which shall be called Mosquitia.

Gen. Walker—If Nicaragua chooses to divide her territory, she will do so without advising with any one, and last of all with Mr. Kinney.

The visitor felt disconcerted, but he was not discouraged, as what follows will show:

Col. Kinney—I have come to offer my services to the Republic, and feel confident my financial ability will be of great benefit in the procurement of money, the negotiation of loans, and so forth. I succeeded very well in such matters in Texas.

Gen. Walker—Your antecedents preclude the possibility of the State's placing you in any official position.

Colonel Kinney was dismayed, and the interview ended, with the impressive caution from Gen. Walker to his visitor, that he should be particular in his speech, or he might be guilty of uttering treasonable language.

Another interview was held in the afternoon, but it was curt, and ended in nothing.

But a short space elapsed after the first interview before orders were issued to the officer of the day, that Mr. Kinney could not be allowed to leave the limits of the city—he was a prisoner to the State. He was afterwards "banished from *all* the Nicaraguas"—and conducted to San Juan. ("How we applies swim.")

El Nicaraguense also has a long editorial on the unmistakable indications of a union among the other Central American States against Nicaragua.

On the 10th instant, a decree was publicly promulgated at the city of Grenada, claiming and annexing the whole Mosquito territory as an integral portion of the State of Nicaragua, and necessarily nullifying the Kinney purchase.

AGED CLERGYMEN.—There are now living in Massachusetts eighteen clergymen, whose ages range from 78 to 92 years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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WHY SUFFER WITH SCROFULA when a remedy is at hand? Read the following letter.

DEPERE, WIS., February 18, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir:

After five months' confinement to my bed with fever, my left foot and leg commenced swelling, which continued to increase, accompanied by the most fearful pain, until the cords of my leg contracted to such an extent, that I could not straighten it. A SORE soon made its appearance on the inside of the leg between the ankle and knee which rapidly increased in size notwithstanding all my efforts to cure it. For months I lingered in this fearful situation, *using every means in my power to obtain relief* but without effect, in fact most remedies made it worse. TO HAVE MY LEG TAKEN OFF appeared to be my only chance for life, but to this I would not consent, as death to me seemed preferable to such a loss. Despairing of ever being cured, I fortunately noticed in your Medical Almanac the certificates of persons who had been cured of similar diseases by your "Alterative," and without much faith I commenced its use, eight bottles of this medicine, with some of your "Liniment" and "Sanative Pills," have so far restored me as to enable me to WALK AS WELL AS EVER, and to free my leg *from all soreness and pain*. Fearing that there might be some remains of the disease still in my system, I have purchased a further supply of 12 bottles of your Alterative with Liniment and Pills, feeling confident that by their use I shall enjoy perfect health. I know not how to express my gratitude, but beg you to accept the thanks of a truly grateful heart. Yours respectfully,

HENRY WILLIAMS.

The above remedies are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. mh15-3t

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Dr Hance's* Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although prepared especially for the purpose of curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit to all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. The dyspeptic patient, whose stomach has lost the power of duly converting food into a life sustaining element, is relieved by a single course of the extraordinary Pills. The gastric fluid re-acquires its solvent power, and the crude nutriment which was a load and a burden to the sufferer, while his digestive organization was paralyzed and unstrung, becomes under the wholesome revolution created in the system, the basis of strength, activity, and health.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address *Seth S. Hance*, 168 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $2; twelve, $21.

THE SPRING TRADE.—The clink of hammers closing boxes up, is now the music that is heard along Market Street; hotels are overflowing with merchants, and strange faces are seen in the streets. Trade has shaken off the shackles imposed upon it by a dull season and a hard winter, and things begin to look sprightly once more. In the midst of this gratifying change from comparative deadliness to life and vigor, Stockhill & Wilson are with the times, and with new Spring Fashions, fresh Spring Goods, and their moderate rates, they are attracting crowds to their clothing establishment, No. 141 Chestnut Street, corner of Franklin Place.

A USEFUL AND INGENIOUS INVENTION.—Our old fellow townsman, J. J. Lownds, now in New York, has invented a new combination of *Pen and Pencil Case*, which for durability, elegance, and convenience must supplant all other kinds. They are made in gold and silver by WILMARTH GLESSMAN & Co., 41 Maiden Lane, New York, and for sale by the principal jewelers in this city. mh15-elweif

DR. S. PANCOAST, PHYSICIAN FOR DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, Office 114 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia. The success of Dr. Pancoast in the treatment of diseases of Throat and Lungs by MEDICATED INHALATION, combined with CONSTITUTIONAL TREATMENT, has been fully elucidated by numerous certificates, already published. Persons at a distance, who cannot visit the city, can be treated by sending for a list of questions, which, correctly answered, will enable him to prescribe for them without leaving their homes. mh15-1t

A WORD OF CAUTION.—We are satisfied that in a majority of cases where coughs terminate in Consumption a resort to some potent yet simple remedy, like Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, would have saved the life and health of the sufferers.

NO EXCUSE FOR GRAY HAIR.

For, by sending to MESSRS. SWEETSER & CO., box 358 Post-office, Baltimore, Md., and procuring a supply of GORHAM'S CHEMICAL HAIR RENOVATOR, you can change your gray hair to its natural or original color, and promote an entire new growth. The price for a single package is $1, or six for $5. Sent by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of a remittance. sep15-eowtf

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION may easily be acquired by the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*." It will remove *tan, pimples, and freckles* from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

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FOR SALE.—50,000 ACRES OF COAL LAND in Wyoming county, Virginia, within four miles of Wyoming Court House. It is situated between the Guyandot and Big Sandy Rivers. The land is admirably adapted for grazing and agricultural purposes, being covered with heavy timber, consisting of red, black and white oak, chestnut, poplar, cedar, white and yellow pine, and white ash. Water power for saw mills and grist mills. The wood will pay $20 per acre. It is rapidly settled and improved, and a railroad from Richmond city, Virginia, to Big Sandy River, has been finished for the distance of 200 miles, and branches of railroads to Guyandot and Tug Rivers, with good roads and canals. The three rivers are navigable for large steamboats. From Richmond the lumber and coal can be transported to Norfolk by steamboat, and shipped to any of the ports of the Atlantic Ocean. Title perfect. Price $2 per acre. Apply to WM. SLOANAKER, Real Estate Broker, north-east corner of TENTH and GREEN Streets, Philadelphia City. de-22-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th Feb. 1856, by the Rev. S. M. Denner, Mr. DAVID SHAVER, of Sangamon county, Ill. to Miss M. E. DAGGS, of Muhlenburg county, Ky.

In Sacramento McLean county, Ky. by the Rev. J. T. Crandal, Mr. J. B. NORTHCROSS, to Miss E. A. ELLISON, both of this place.

On the 20th ultimo, by Elder S. Harrison, JOSEPH H. LICHTNER, to Miss SARAH A. BROWN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d of Jan., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. KENNAZER H. BARNITT, to Miss ANNA M. GRACE, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. in Lower Merion, Montgomery county, by the Rev. A. Culver, ABRAHAM LUTHRING, Jr. of Lafayette, Indiana, to AMELIA F. KIZER, of Lower Merion.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. THOMAS V. DONOVAN, to Miss ANNA B. MASON, daughter of Mr. James H. Mason, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Chas. P. Demmo, Mr. WILLIAM HORTON, to Miss MARY H. WILSON, both of Kent county, Del.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. Stephen Townsend, Mr. CHARLES ROSSINI, to Miss MARTHA KURT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 28th ult. at Christian Graff's Hotel, by the Rev. D. A. Shermer, WILLIAM J. BROWN, to MARTHA A. MITCHELL.

On the 2d of Jan. by the Rev. A. C. Wheat, Mr. JACOB V. STELLE, of Bound Brook, N. Jersey, to Miss RACHEL M. WEAVER, of Philadelphia.

At Hridesburg, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Joseph T. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM C. PEET, to Miss EMMA CLARA, daughter of the late David Cooper, Esq. both of this city.

On the 8th instant, in the presence of the Mayor, Hon. R. T. Conrad, CLINTON GILLINGHAM, Esq. to Miss PARTHENIA WARNER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, LOUIS R. STELLE, to Miss LOUISE C. VERNON, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Street, Mr. HENRY HOLLOWAY, to Miss ELLEN L. COLEMAN, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Belcher, Mr. JOHN S. PAUL, to Miss EMILY D. daughter of John Huff, Esq. all of this city.

On the 24th of Jan. in Mauricetown, N. J. by the Rev. Jas Verree, Capt. JAMES BUCKALOO, of the above place, to Miss E. B. HOWELL, of this city.

On the 1st of Jan. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM M. GARWOOD, to Miss MARY C. FANNER, both of this city.

On the 3d of Jan. by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. CHARLES P. MILLIGAN, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARYANA HORNER, daughter of the late Isaac Horner, of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th inst. JOSEPH SHAW, aged 60 years.
On the 8th inst. RUTH H. wife of Wm. Woolson, aged 23 years.
On the 4th inst. EMELINE TAITES, aged 5 years and 6 months.
On the 5th inst. ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of Wm. J. and Anna C. Volkmar, aged 8 years.
On the 5th inst. THOMAS GOODWIN, aged 3 years and 7 months.
On the 8th inst. COVEAN BECKET, aged 39 years.
On the 5th inst. JAMES HEGEN, aged 18 years.
On the 5th inst. PATRICK KELLY, aged 36 years.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. JANE HUNTER, aged 65 years.
On the 5th inst. HENRY H. GIFFORD, aged 46 years.
On the 4th inst. JACOB R. FRITZES, Sr. aged 59 years.
On the 4th inst. SARAH THORNE, aged 82 years.
On the 4th inst. ROBERT HILLARD, aged 38 years.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARY MAHER, aged 45 years.
On the 5th inst. JAMES RAMSEY.
On the 5th inst. DANIEL DOUGHERTY, aged 21 years.
On the 3d inst. JACOB MILEY, aged 40 years.
On the 4th inst. MARY ANN, wife of Dr. Lewis F. Gebhard, aged 32 years.
On the 4th inst. ANNA MARIA, wife of Chas. Armstrong, aged 30 years and 9 months.
On the 3d inst. EMMA LOUISA, daughter of A. J. and Hannah W. Parker, aged 3 years.
On the 4th inst. Mrs. ANN MCLAUGHLIN.
On the 6th inst. THOMAS FARRAL, aged 50 years.
On the 3d inst. Mrs. MARY HENRITT, aged 60 years.
On the 3d inst. JOHN CLOUDS, son of Jacob and Rachel Kirkpatrick, aged 2 years and 5 months.
In Burlington, N. J. on the 3d inst. CHARLES W. MITCHELL, aged 6 years.
On the 3d inst. JOHN WILSON, aged 61 years.
On the 4th inst. SARAH JANE, daughter of Chilluck and Mary A. Lamoney, aged 4 years.
On the 2d inst. SARAH L. wife of Edmund Hibbler, and daughter of John and Anna Linton.
On the 4th inst. THOMAS CLEMENT, son of Jeremiah and Laura Butler, aged 13 months.
On the 3d inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH LEISTER, aged 75.
On the 3d inst. Mr. ROBERT CUMMINS, aged 54 years.
On the 2d inst. JOHN, son of Joseph and Caroline Sperry, aged 1 year.
On the 2d inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of Alfred Foster, aged 65 years.
On the 3d inst. SUSAN, wife of Henry Trites, aged 21.
On the 20th ult. Mrs. SARAH MCNICHOL, aged 76.
On the 29th ult. ISAAC B. JONES, aged 32 years and 2 months.
On the 4th inst. ANNA M. OTTINGER, daughter of Jacob and Sarah A. Good, aged 3 years and 10 months.
On the 2d inst. ANNA MARIA, daughter of Samil. H and Susannah Wood, aged 19 months.
On the 3d inst. Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Mr. Edmund W. Lyons, aged 31 years.
On the 2d inst. Mrs. MORRIS, aged 48 years.
On the 1st inst. Miss CATHARINE F. GREM, aged 19.
On the 1st inst. MARY CROWELL, daughter of the late Benj. Wade, aged 13 years.

8th. ZAIDEE! 8th.

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This book contains the words and music of the most popular songs of the day marked for the accordeon, and can be used for violin or flute, among which are the following:—"What is home without a mother;" "Few Days;" "Listen to the Mocking Bird;" "Keema Kima," "They told me not to love him;" "Willikins and Dinah;" "Long, long ago;" "Shells of Ocean;" "Wait for the Wagon;" "Widow Machree," &c., any many other popular Ethiopian, Sentimental, Sacred, and Comic Songs. Address WINNER & SHUSTER, mh15-2t No 130 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

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POUDRETTE AND TAFEU.

Poudrette is composed of two-thirds night soil and one-third decomposed vegetable fibre. Tafeu is composed of three fourths of night soil and one fourth No. 1 Peruvian Guano.

These manures are cheaper and better adapted for raising Corn, Garden Vegetables and Grass, than any other in market. Can be put in contact with the seed without injury, and causes Corn and seeds to come up sooner, ripen two weeks earlier, and yield one-third more than other manures, and is a *sure preventative of the Cut Worm*.

Two thousand Poudrette or 100 lbs. Tafeu, will manure an acre of Corn in the hill. Tafeu 1½ cents per lb. Poudrette $2 00 per bbl., or $1,50 for any quantity *over* 7 bbls., delivered on board vessel or railroad, free from any charge for package or cartage. A pamphlet containing every information, sent, post-paid, to any one sending their address to

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WHAT IS AN ENGLISHMAN?

When the legions of the Roman empire first landed in Britain, they found the country inhabited by a race of painted savages, living chiefly on the fruits of the chase and the spontaneous productions of the soil. On the southern coasts they displayed some faint vestiges of civilization, arising from the intercourse, effected by commerce, with the more polished peoples of the maritime nations. Agriculture was little pursued, and the interior of the island was a wilderness of forest, fen, and flood. Historians are not agreed as to the origin of the aboriginal race; some suppose them to have been descended from the Phœnicians: a people much given to colonizing; others attribute their origin to the Caledonians and Picts; and others, again, (including most of the ancient historians and amongst them Julius Cæsar) consider them of the same race as the people at that time inhabiting modern France. However, no matter what dispute there may be as to the precise tribe from which they sprang, the evidence is almost unanimous in attributing their origin to a Celtic source. This great family then possessed the largest part of western Europe, but in the end were overrun and subjugated by the Teutonic race, of which the Saxons, Danes, and Normans were offshoots. The entrance of the Romans into Britain was valiantly opposed by the possessors of the soil, but the superior discipline and generalship of the invading hosts enabled them to overcome all opposition, and to reduce the country to subjection. For nearly five hundred years the Roman rule continued supreme, but at the expiration of that time, the necessities of the state required the presence of her legions at home; and, consequently, they were withdrawn, and (the disruption of the empire itself following shortly after) they never returned.

The poor Britons, who had become accustomed to appeal to their conquerors for protection against the inroads of the Picts and Scots, found themselves on their departure helpless against these assailants, and appealed to a Saxon tribe for succor. This was promptly responded to, and two noted chieftains, at the head of their followers, landed in England, and, after driving out the invaders, quietly located themselves on the soil they came to defend.

The note of invasion was sounded on the shores of the Baltic Sea, and amid the depths of the German forests, and fresh bands hurried over in such numbers that successful resistance became impossible; and, in less than a century, England was Saxonized. The new comers brought with them a fierce mythology, born of the superstitions of a warlike race, but shortly after their new acquisition, Christianity was introduced amongst them, and, gradually widening its sphere of action, softened the harsh asperities of their national character. But even this did not destroy their sacred traditions; for they interwove many of their religious practices and festivals with the rites and holy-days of the Catholic church.

These Saxons we may consider as representatives of the Teutonic family, even as we may consider the Gauls and Britons to represent the Celtic race. Their origin is almost lost in the gloom of mythic tradition, but it is supposed they came from the shores of the Black Sea, and, after traversing Europe, settled in the North, from whence they descended upon England. They migrated in immense bodies, sending out their fighting men as pioneers, and following with their wives and families; and wherever they made a successful footing, they settled peacefully as colonists.

As a people they were brave, but rude and uncultivated; and the three fundamental principles of their religion were—"Devotion to God; justice to man; and intrepidity in fight." Their national peculiarities have been more faithfully transmitted to their descendants than it is in the power of any other people to say of the peculiarities of their own ancestry.

The Saxon was blunt in bearing; adventurous; extremely regardful of domestic ties; honorable in his estimation of woman; extremely tenacious of his privileges; his house was his castle, and the sea his battlefield.

After their possession of the country became fully accomplished, they turned themselves assiduously to its improvement; but they were frequently threatened with invasions by the Danish sea-kings, who ravaged the shores of the Baltic and Atlantic seas, and even entered the Mediterranean.

The Scandinavians, or Danes, were a people of the same race as the Saxons, but who were penned up in the icy North, until their numbers became so great that the soil was unable to find them sustenance.

They, as the Saxons did a few centuries before, they set out in quest of a new land; and, after making various attempts elsewhere, landed in England. The new comers were hospitably received when they came with pacific intentions, and were allowed to remain as settlers; but in the course of time they increased so rapidly, that they were enabled, acting conjointly with their relatives, the sea rovers, to overthrow the Saxon dynasty and establish one of their own in its stead. From this time to the conquest of the island by the Normans, the period was brief; but when that event occurred, the Saxon line had been restored to the throne only to be again cut down, never more to be raised up. No epoch in English history records such vast changes as ensued upon the accession of the Normans. These people were, perhaps, about the most polished in Europe, excelling in all knightly accomplishments.

They derived their origin from a tribe of Scandinavians, who, under Rollo, settled in France, but, by frequent intermarriages with the conquered race, they had almost lost the distinctive traits of the Northmen, and become a people of Celtic habits, physique, and manners. They came to England sixty thousand strong, but amongst them were adventurers from every country in Europe where Christianity and chivalry were acknowledged. Some fifteen thousand, probably, left their bones on the field of Hastings; but plenty more hurried over to fill their places; and for a hundred years and more a constant stream of French Normans and Flemings poured into the country. A line of demarcation was drawn between the sovereign and the subject races, so oppressive and galling in its character, that time after time the latter rose in arms, to be alternately cajoled and massacred into quiescence. So things went on for centuries, until self-preservation drove the descendants of the ascendant class to mingle in marriage with the descendants of the other.

Having thus given a brief sketch of the origin of the various races which, at various times, have made England the prize of conquest, let us consider how they have become merged in the present English people; and, further, in what degree each has contributed a share to the formation of our national character.

First, we have the aborigines, or the people known to the Romans as the natives of the country at the period of their conquest. They were like the family from which it is said they sprung; lithe and nimble of body; quick and active of mind; volatile; impetuous; and brave. They were controlled and guided by their priests in both sacred and mundane things; and delighted in savage and inhuman sacrifices on a wholesale scale. They were forbidden to confide to writing the history either of their country or of their sacred order; but, as the people were completely uncivilized, all learning was confined to the priesthood, who were at once teachers, bards, and historians. The influence of this class was so great, that the Romans found the people unconquerable, until they made a deliberate massacre of the whole order. It might be supposed the great mistress of empires would have made her influence extend even to the distant Britain; but the number of her soldiers and colonists were too few, and the time of occupancy too brief, to permit the mass to be leavened with her enlightenment. However, some good was done, and fresh blood infused into the nation by her means; not, however, in sufficient quantity to add strength, but rather to cause weakness in its physical and moral energies.

Then came the Saxons, in such numbers as to bury both British barbarism and Roman civilization. They overlaid all with the pristine strength of a people uncontaminated by partial contact with refinement. Strong-handed, strong-headed, they carried all before them, and either swallowed up the ancient race by preponderating numbers, or drove them away to the fastness of Wales or the dreary wilds of Cornwall. Some fled for refuge to Ireland, others to Scotland; and the few that were left produced hardly any effect on the character of the people. They were as much opposed in manners and feelings to the old race, as they differed in physical peculiarities. The Saxon was light haired; burly in frame; revelling in the belief of a grandly savage heresiarch; but despising the wiles and shackles of a crafty priesthood. His mind was built of sturdy materials, and marked with strong individuality. His descendants, when led by a master mind, will combine for a great end; but when thrown in a mass together, are irresolute, and not to be depended on; but throw each man on his own resources, and his strength is soon displayed. The Danes was of the same origin and similar character; but with more fire and spirit. The Germanic Teuton was more sluggish in temperament than his Scandinavian brother, but both were eclipsed in brilliancy and dash by their Norman half-brothers. The latter people, as we said, sprang from the old Scandinavian stock, but were much changed by long residence in a more southerly country, and by intermarriage with its natives. The Norman was brave, and, for the age in which he lived, polished and refined; bestowing great favors on learned men and cultivating letters. Crafty and cruel, bold, unscrupulous, and fond of martial adventure, the Norman gives to the character of the modern Englishman that active spirit, which in commerce and war has so distinguished him; but to his Saxon progenitor he owes his powers of endurance, and that dogged perseverance which, in whatever he undertakes, upholds him until his end is accomplished. To the Norman he is indebted for his impulsive desire to rise against oppression; to the Saxon, his tenacity in upholding his privileges. To the Norman, he owes his love of progression, both speculative and active; to the Saxon, his love of order and reverence for forms and ancient usages. Deprived of either element, his character would be but half developed. As it is, the union has brought about the greatness and magnificence of England.

W. B.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Highland Officer in the Crimea, according to the Romantic Notions of Sentimental Young Ladies.

Highland Officer in the Crimea—as he really appears.

Wit and Humor.

Shooting Stars.—There was a man in this city, who of clear nights, used to rig up a telescope wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence a squint.

One night as he was getting under way I saw two Irish gintlemen taking an observation of his movements. Both were policemen.

"Jamey," said one, "what in the wurrled is your fellow after with his machinely?"

"Whist, ye spalpeen," whispered the other, "sure and can't ye see that it's an air-gun cannon that he's got. He's afther shooting stars, he is."

"Hadn't we better be getting out of the way, thin?" inquired his friend.

"Sure, and it's not us," was the answer. "Didn't ye ever hear of shooting stars?"

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instruments and squinted through it up at the stars. The policemen gazed up likewise in wonder. Just then by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad, he hit—he's fetched it down!" cried both of the paddies, in a breath. "Sure, and that's the greatest shooting I iver saw in all my life!" But a sense of duty prevailed, and one of them at once rudely accosted the man of science.

"Ye'll jist stop that now, mister, av ye plase. The night is dark enough now, plinty, and an you go on shooting stars at that rate, sorra the man'll find his way about the strate." And the telescope man had to pick up and be off.

Three Make a Row!—One of the subscribers to the Louisville Journal, writes to George D. Prentice, its editor, as follows:—"I have the handsomest young wife in Kentucky, and she has borne me five sprightly American sons in six years. The last two she presented me on the first of January as a New Year's present. I have thought of calling one George and the other Prentice." In reply to this, the Journal says:—"We beg leave to suggest to our friend, that he wait another year. We believe confidently that his beautiful young wife will bear three sprightly Americans next New Year's or before, and then he can call one of them George, the second D., and the third Prentice."

Paddy on "Ventilashin."—In Irish navvy, "neat as imported," the other day was hastily set to work in drainage excavation at Edinburgh, and a few hours thereafter he was caught in the act of playing sad havoc with the gas-pipes, into the smashed end of one of which an overseer found him peeping. He was rated soundly, of course, for his reckless conduct. "Arrah, my jewel," said Pat, who was rather hard of hearing, "what's the matter wid ye? Is it them polpes yer consarned about? Be aisy, mister; it'd be well to vintillit mores of 'im, for feint a thing's in them ould black chaps but stink!"

A Spoon or a Staircase.—An Englishman taking his breakfast, a few mornings ago, at one of the Paris restaurants, asked the waiter to give him an *escalier*. The fellow stared, hardly knowing whether the man was crazy or not. At this juncture, a fellow countryman, perceiving what he wanted, and compassionating his misfortune, told the waiter to bring one *cuiller*. "I am much obliged to you," rejoined the first. "I can talk French without your assistance." "Doubtless you can," was the reply, "but you were just now asking for a *staircase* when you wanted a *spoon*."

A Doctor's Life. By an M.D. of Alma, Mich.—The following are some of the sweets of a doctor's life: If he visits a few of his customers when they are well, it is to get his dinner; if he don't do so, it is because he cares more about the fleece than the flock. If he goes to church regularly, it is because he has nothing else *to* do; if he don't go, it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath or religion. If he speaks to a poor person, he keeps bad company; if he passes them by, he is better than other folks. If he has a good carriage, he is extravagant; if he uses a poor one on the score of economy, he is deficient in necessary pride. If he makes parties, it is to soft-soap the people to get their money; if he don't make them, he is afraid of a *cent!* If his horse is fat, it is because he has nothing to do; if he is lean, it is because he isn't taken care of. If he drives fast, it is to make people think somebody is very sick; if he drives slow, he has no interest in the welfare of his patients. If he dresses neat, he is proud; if he does not, he is wanting in self-respect. If he works on the land, he is fit for nothing but a farmer; if he don't work, it is because he is too lazy to be anything. If he talks much, "we don't want a doctor to tell everything he knows;" if he don't talk, "*we like to see a doctor social.*" If he says anything about politics, he had better let it alone; if he don't say anything about it, "we like to see a man show his colors." If he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill; if he don't, it is unjustifiable negligence. If he says anything about religion, he is a hypocrite; if he don't, he is an infidel. If he uses any of the popular remedies of the day, it is to cater to the whims and prejudices of the people to fill his pockets; if he don't use them, it is from professional selfishness. If he is in the habit of having counsel often, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to having it on the ground that he understands his own business, he is afraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors. If he gets pay for one half his services, he has the reputation of being a *great manager*. Who wouldn't be an M. D.?—*Journal of Medicine.*

Going Through the Motions.—We were amused with an affair, (says a New York paper,) which happened a few weeks since in this city.

A young gentleman called upon the leader of a cotillion band, and ordered five musicians for a certain evening. There were four in the band, including the leader, who informed the applicant that he could not comply with his request.

"You must have five," said the young gentleman.

"But there are only four of us, sir," replied Joe.

"Not one less than five," persisted the other.

The gentleman was about leaving, when a barber, well known to our citizens, volunteered his services, making the number complete.

"What are you going to play?" asked Joe, when the gentleman left.

"The flute," replied the barber.

"The flute! why you don't know one note from another."

"Yes, but *I* can put a cork in the mouth-hole and go through the motions."

The plan succeeded, and the barber was praised for his *remarkable softness in blowing.*

The German for Plate.—"Good gracious, Anna, what *is* the German for a plate?"

"Teller," I replied, leaning over the stair.

"Tell her what?" returned my aunt, not supposing that she had heard aright.

"Teller," I answered back at the top of my voice.

"How *can* I *tell her*, unless you tell me what to *tell her?*" she retorted in a tone that betokened she was gradually becoming heated, and, indeed, the weather *was* sultry.

"Can't you hear me tell you to tell her *teller?*"

"That's just what I want to do; but how can I *tell her* unless I know *what to tell her?*"

I was laughing so heartily that I could only shout out, "Tell her, teller." But fearing that my aunt might become exasperated, I ran down stairs, and for her edification uttered the magic word. Of course, the desired plate was produced, to her great amazement; but she good-naturedly joined in my unrepressed merriment.—*Autobiography of an Actress.*

A New Disease.—A friend of mine was visiting at the "White Hills" in the "Granite State" last year, and one day, when passing a house, observed a little child at the door with what he considered a very dangerous plaything, viz.; a *chisel;* and thinking it kindness, accordingly stepped in to inform the parent:—"Madam," said he, "are you aware your child has got the chisel?" "Why, the mercy on me!" exclaimed the mother. "Well, I knew something was the matter, for *the child has been ailing a long time.*" My friend left *instanter.*—A. D. T.

Refinement of Language.—A gentleman ordered a rocking chair, which was received by his wife, a lady very precise in her speech, when sent to her residence. Upon making trial of the chair, the gentleman expressed his great satisfaction with it, when his wife remarked, "The man said its equilibrium was accurately adjusted." "Did he really say that—those very words?" inquired the husband. "Why no, not exactly," replied the lady; "he said it *joggled just right!*"

Agricultural.

Indian Corn.—The Prairie Farmer has the following notice of this corn:—"Some time ago we penned a brief caution in regard to this large new humbug; but it would appear that something more ought to be said on the subject. 'The Wyandotte,' or South-Western Squaw Corn, is one of those varieties of *soft* white corn in much favor with the Indians for home consumption, as it is easily made ready for use without the aid of a mill. Indeed, it is more than probable that it cannot be kept long, if reduced to meal; and it is equally certain that it will not do for shipping in *any form*, being almost, if not quite, destitute of the *oil* so necessary to its preservation in bulk. There can be no doubt, however, that as far South as Morgan county, in this State (Illinois,) the variety will ripen reasonably well, though probably not much, if any, North of there. But *when ripened*, it is fit only for distilling or for starch; it cannot be kept in bulk, and is too tasteless for bread; though for making whiskey it may prove valuable, and yet we doubt even that, and warn our readers against planting it, except as an experiment."

As to "King Philip" corn, T. G. Yeomans says, in the Rural New Yorker:—"In the spring of 1854, I received from the Patent Office two small papers of the 'Improved King Philip or Brown Corn,' and although I had done planting, I planted it at a safe distance from any other corn to prevent its mixing, and it ripened early and gave indications of being a productive variety. Last season, from the product of the above, I planted some three acres, and had a fair opportunity to test its productive qualities, as well as its relative time of ripening; *it ripened two weeks earlier than the common eight-rowed yellow corn*, and was harvested before the first frost, while the other corn had been left standing to ripen, and was therefore ripened, though greatly damaged by the frost. The ear is smaller than the large eight-rowed yellow; the kernel is good size; the color a dark yellow. There is a strong tendency to productiveness shown by the frequency of its growing two or more good ears on the same stalk.

"I am inclined to regard it as a desirable acquisition, and likely to yield with our best later varieties, with much more certainty of producing *sound corn*, as well as a crop of *good fodder.*"

Ground Food for Stock.—Few persons seem to be aware of the importance of grinding every variety of grain before feeding it to animals; it is all important. There is no animal's stomach that can digest any variety of grain with a cortical covering. All animals that swallow a single kernel without crushing, void it whole; and what is singular, after passing the ordeal of the gastric, the heat and digestive organs of the stomach and the whole intestinal canal, the seed will still germinate and grow.

In feeding horses and cattle, for simply carrying them through the winter, if what grain they are entitled to was ground, and the hay or straw cut, mixed and properly moistened, the saving would amount to quite an item—every inch of hay or straw will be eaten, and nothing lost. Two-thirds the quantity now fed in racks for horses to pull under their feet, and that fed to cattle on the ground, and trodden down and spoiled, would suffice to carry stock through the winter. But habit is everything.

Effects of Pumpkin Seeds on Milch Cows.—A writer in an agricultural paper says that if pumpkins are fed to milch cows with the seeds in them, the diuretic property of the seeds more than counterbalances their milk-increasing qualities, which pumpkins, fed without the seed, certainly possess. Let two cows be fed, one with pumpkins with their seeds, and the other with pumpkins with the seeds and fibrous matter taken out, and carefully watch the result.—The animal will be found to eat seeds and all, give little or no increase in quantity of her milk, which will be rich, but her urine will be sensibly augmented.—This increased secretion from the kidneys prevents a copious secretion from the mammary vessels or glands. The other cow, fed on pumpkins with the seeds taken out, will give rich milk, and more of it, than before eating them, with no appreciable increase of urine. Such is not only a single experience, but well attested by many persons.

Horse-Chestnut Flour.—Recent experiments in France are likely to result in bringing the horse-chestnut into common use as food. A paper in *La Presse* shows that by a thorough washing in pure water, the starch of the horse chestnut becomes free from acridity, and is a more valuable article than the starch of wheat—absorbing more water. It is found that the horse-chestnut contains more starch than the potato. Thirty-five per cent. of the chestnut flour, mixed with wheat flour produces excellent bread. This has originated a new and important branch of manufacture in France, as the horse-chestnut is there a large crop.—*Exchange Paper.*

For Kicking Cows.—Take a short strap and fasten the ends together. Next prepare a pin of some soft wood, about six or eight inches long, one and a-half inches in diameter. Take the cow by the off fore-leg, and double it at the knee joint close; pass the strap or loop over the knee, pressing it back until you can insert the pin between that and the knee joint, and she cannot kick.

Horse-Shoeing Without Nails.—A Mr. Short, of New London, Connecticut, has invented a horse-shoe which can be put on without nails. He makes the whole in two pieces, employing in addition two small screws to aid in screwing the parts together. Both are made of malleable iron—the lower portion, or "sole," being very similar to the horse-shoe ordinarily employed, but with a groove around its exterior, and without nail-holes. The upper portion, or "vamp," is thin, and has a flange projecting inward from its lower edge, to match the groove in the sole. Those parts are so arranged as to secure a tight and firm connection, and the whole is made additionally secure by the aid of the set-screws before-mentioned at the heel. A shoe of this kind once fitted, the vamp may be made to wear out a great number of shoes.

New Digging Machine.—The Rev. H. C. Bailey, of Swindon, has patented a digging machine, to be worked either by steam or horse power. This is considered an excellent invention, and, if it answers the expectations of all who have seen it, must in time supersede the antiquated plough. A row of spades or forks, working to a much greater depth than by manual labor, produces a perfect reversion of the soil, in a manner hitherto attained only by hand.—*English Paper.*

Ohio Brooms.—The town of Poland in Mahoning county, Ohio, has eight broom manufactories that turn out three hundred dozen brooms per week. There are patented machines for the work, and on one lately invented and labelled self-regulating, a hand can make from two to four dozen brooms a day. The owners of the broom factory pay from three to four cents a pound for the brush, and the handles are made for a cent apiece on patent lathes.

Horses Poisoned.—The Lockport Courier of Feb. 15, relates that a Mr. Farnham of that place, threw out some rotten carrots from his cellar, which were partly frozen. They were eaten by his horses, and four fine colts died of inflammation of the stomach. Farmers should be cautious about giving decayed vegetables of any kind to cattle.

CENTRIFUGAL ACTION AMONG THE STARS.

The accompanying figure illustrates a new apparatus invented by Abner Lane, of Killingworth, Conn., to illustrate the action of centrifugal force among the heavenly bodies.

A is a brass globe secured on a spindle, S. B is a ring of brass, made with bearings at C C', in which the ends of the spindle, S, revolve. The globe is not secured on the middle of the spindle, but the only object of this is, to allow space for winding a cord or thread spirally around the longer part of the spindle to draw it off suddenly and rotate it in the same manner that motion is given to a French top. The globe will then rotate in the direction shown by the vertical arrow; and if the apparatus be held by a cord—as shown by the finger at the one side—the whole will revolve in the direction of arrow 2, exhibiting a compound motion: the one of the globe on its spindle; the other of the ring and globe round the fixed point, C'.

It would naturally be supposed that the apparatus would not revolve in a horizontal plane when held as represented, but that it would drop down at the opposite end; this, however, it does not do when in rapid motion, and even when set inclined with any one of its poles upward, it will revolve in that inclined position, just as our planet revolves on its inclined axis. A wheel may be substituted for the globe. This apparatus can be held in the same position from either side, and it makes no matter whether it is suspended by a cord, as shown, or upheld on a fine point, like that of a strong needle placed underneath one of the small ears at C or C', (which are indented for this purpose,) and which is perhaps the most interesting way of exhibiting the experiment. If the globe receives a motion contrary to that shown by the vertical arrow, the apparatus will revolve contrary to the direction of arrow 2.

The most striking part of this experiment is the self-supporting action of the globe, by making the whole apparatus revolve in the same plane in which it is set. Were this not the case, the apparatus would not revolve when held at one side, but would at once drop down with the spindle S in a vertical position.

The motion of globe A on its spindle, and its double motion round point C', explains the compound motion of our planet round its central luminary. If we consider C' to be the grand center of attraction—the sun—then we can understand how the force which set it revolving is one cause of its annual revolution, and a cause which prevents its falling into the sun. The amount of centrifugal force in a planet, or the velocity with which it rotates on its axis, is therefore apparently an exponent of the velocity with which it moves through space.

This apparatus presents a strong argument in favor of the "nebular hypothesis," if we admit that the matter of which the planets are composed was once part of the sun as nebula, then formed into rings, then into globes revolving on their axis. If no rotative impulse had been imparted to a globe or ring so formed, it must have fallen in upon the central body. None of the views of the nebular hypothesists have hitherto been satisfactory on this point. The object of this apparatus is simply to exhibit the action of centrifugal force, (which may also be called rotary action, and inertia,) in the planetary system; and is one of the most beautiful philosophical experiments in the whole range of the science of astronomy.

These apparatuses can be obtained of the inventor at Killingworth, Conn., and at Pike & Sons, New York.—*Scientific American.*

Corn and Acorn.—There are seven different kinds of grain cultivated for food, all of which are produced from the natural family of grasses; these are maize (or Indian corn), wheat, barley, oats, rye, millet, and rice. In every country there is one particular kind which is *the corn* of the country. Thus in England, a farmer, speaking of his corn crop, would be referring to his wheat; but in Scotland the term would be applied to oats or barley. "Corn" is a Saxon word, meaning *fruit;* hence we have ak-corn, or acorn, the fruit of the oak.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND DOUBLE ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 79 letters.

My 17, 8, 77, 43, 16, 57, 1, 36, 78, is a county in Va.
My 2, 48, 20, 13, 40, 54, 58, 7, 48, is a county in S. C.
My 9, 4, 77, 15, 67, 32, 10, is a town in the United States.
My 11, 23, 60, 21, 69, is a town in Italy.
My 76, 42, 77, 9, 23, is a town in Arabia.
My 31, 43, 7, 52, 13, 62, 32, 48, 71, 11, 24, is a town in Prussia.
My 46, 76, 48, 41, 72, 7, 14, 71, is a town in Mexico.
My 48, 10, 5, 41, 17, 45, 64, 63, 79, 75, is a county in Maryland.
My 60, 72, 77, 38, 2, 28, is a county in N. C.
My 16, 61, 76, 19, 78, is a county in N. Y.
My 23, 33, 7, 56, 9, 55, 37, is a county in Vt.
My 31, 61, 68, 65, 1, 15, 59, 53, is a town in Germany.
My 20, 6, 75, 5, 42, 79, 74, is a county in Texas.
My 29, 46, 75 21, 20, 14, 67, is a town in England.
My 7, 15, 77, 63, 35, 7, 7, 58, is a county in Vt.
My 10, 50, 47, 74, is a river in the Russian Empire.
My 47, 61, 57, 75, is a river in Germany.
My 8, 46, 7, 7, 34, 61, is a county in Ohio.
My 24, 2, 4, 77, 54, 40, 30, 12, is a county in Kentucky.
My 60, 73, 62, 45, is a county in New York.
My 7, 39, 32, 41, 17, 31, 29, 58, 7, 49, is a county in Connecticut.
My 7, 5, 12, 73, 18, is a river in Italy.
My 24, 10, 54, 66, 32, is a town in Turkey.
My 14, 15, 77, 7, 27, 6, 37, 69, 78, 70, is a town in Germany.

My whole was a distinguished statesman and General Successively. My whole is a celebrated American poet.
Finally: My whole is a distinguished Philadelphian.

GARMEW.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 67 letters.

My 14, 83, 67, 7, 26, 37, 30, 72, 35, 11, was the most illustrious mathematician of antiquity.
My 31, 60, 47, 41, 39, was a celebrated poet and novelist.
My 42, 49, 14, 33, 46, 20, 7, 61, 22, 69, 55, was an eminent ancient orator.
My 37, 15, 60, 66, 59, 78, was his equal if not superior.
My 67, 80, 16, 53, 2, 13, 73, 6, 65, 69, was a King of Sweden.
My 42, 23, 16, 65, 1, 56, is a distinguished American lyric poet.
My 27, 21, 3, 75, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 20, 51, 17, 4, 35, 58, was one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.
My 18, 59, 12, 7, 39, was a celebrated Danish astronomer.
My 10, 78, 64, 17, 11, 63, 21, 22, 27, was a renowned Irish poet.
My 50, 7, 25, 63, 81, 55, 77, 33, 57, 19, 25, 40, was a famous Grecian General.
My 24, 3, 29, 60, 47, 35, 2, was a General of the American Revolution.
My 30, 53, 70, 51, 40, 62, was the inventor of the orrery.
My 75, 44, 48, 31, 30, 8, 54, was a celebrated German poet.
My 14, 73, 45, 68, 33, 49, was a President of the U. S.
My 59, 10, 44, 78, 17, 50, 35, was the most illustrious of Italian poets.
My 66, 61, 14, 39, 66, 71, 65, was entitled the Virgil of Portugal.
My 24, 60, 10, 67, 20, 74, was a celebrated linguist.
My 52, 85, 38, 53, 77, 47, 65, 69, 33, was the tutor of Alexander.
My 34, 44, 82, 43, 8, 20, was an American naval commander.
My 2, 81, 2, 72, 49, 75, was an eminent German musical composer.
My 43, 42, 76, was "the bravest of the brave."
My 11, 37, 31, 32, 10, 28, 80, 10, was a German dramatic writer.
My 82, 61, 26, was the first printer of New England.
My 31, 23, 19, 24, 40, 36, was a celebrated English philosopher.
My 50, 12, 27, 56, 40, 76, was a Scotch poet.
My 13, 47, 62, 43, 53, 62, 72, 54, 80, was an eminent English divine.
My 16, 2, 60, 75, 35, was a French architect.
My 27, 58, 22, 61, 42, 25, was a poet-laureate of England.
My 55, 48, 76, 41, 38, 68, 52, 46, was a celebrated English painter.

My whole is a just tribute to America's most illustrious patriot.

Lexington, Ky. O. L. BRADLEY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY "CLINT."

My first is a little worm,
Dreaded the world all through;
My second good honest people
Sometimes unconsciously do.

My whole is name to me very near,
And to my heart the nearest;
Though many names to me are dear,
It alone is dearest.

Stationville, Greene County, Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is often used,
My second's the name of a man,
My whole is a poison, if abused,
Pray guess it, if you can.

Sligo, Kentucky. J. N. W.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Deprive me of my 2nd, and I am a minstrel and po
Deprive me of my 1st, and I am a wild animal
Deprive me of my 1st and last, and I am a part of head.
Deprive me of my 3rd and 4th, and I am an artic furniture.
Deprive me of my 2nd and 4th, and I am not good
Deprive me of my 4th, and I am a lady's ornament
Deprive me of my 3 last, and I am a neuter verb.
Deprive me of my 2nd and last, and I have abo different meanings, and am found in every country.
Transpose my whole, and I signify to exclude.
Transposed again, I am a daily food
My whole, though not a garment, is often wo men.

Belleville, Illinois. FAW

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of the longest and shortest sides of a pi land, in the form of an obtuse-angled triangle, perches; the remaining side measures 50 perches, perpendicular to the shortest side, drawn from t tuse angle, and intersecting the longest side, in 30 p What is the distance of the shortest side?

Independence, Pa. THOMAS BO

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An estate was divided between a widow, two s a daughter, ½ of the widow's share equalled oldest son's; ⅓ of his share equalled ¼ of the you ½ of his share equalled ⅛ of the daughter's, difference between her share and the younger so 900 dollars.

Belmont Co., Ohio. ADDI

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter X at the end of a w destruction? Ans.—Because it is an X-termina

☞ Why is the letter O like pain? Ans.— It makes man moan.

☞ Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects? Because he stands over six feet without shoes o

☞ Why is an address pronounced on boa like a finger ring? Ans.—Because it is a deco (decoration.)

☞ Why does a shoemaker, when he has order for you, earn a title? Ans.—Because h (made your) boots.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAS

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Founding of R Empire, in the year Anno Domini four hun eighty-one, by a German nation, under Clovi CELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Beware of the Temptation and Intemperance. GEOGRA ENIGMA.—The Battle of Lexington, fought hundred and seventy-five. CHARADE.—S (See-base-to-poll.) RIDDLE.—Charade (ca had, care.) CHARADE.—Wealthy. PROBL 9 and 27.